The Saturday Evening Post

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TO MAUD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have been to our old trysting place, Maud—
The seat 'neath the great chestnut tree;
And I fancied I saw your sweet face, Maud—
The sweetest on earth once to me.

Then I dreamed all our younger life o'er, Maud,
As if it had been of to-day;
And thought of the great love I bore, Maud,
The idol I found to be clay.

As I sat 'neath that old chestnut tree, Maud,
And gazed at the foliage above,
Each leaf brought remembrance of thee, Maud,
And I yearned for our old, old love.

Do you ever think o'er the past times, Maud—
Are they still in your memory now?
But perhaps your gay heart illy chimes, Maud,
With thoughts of so sombre a hue.

Have you never once wished to recall, Maud,
The choice that has set us apart?
He could offer you riches; but all, Maud,
I could boast, was a true, brave heart.

I have striven, in vain, to forget, Maud,
My idol that turned into clay;
For the image of you lingers yet, Maud,
And will not be driven away.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNDER THE SAME ROOF.

A crafty and worldly-wise cunning woman, like Mrs. North, can change her tactics as the wind changes its quarters. The avowal of Richard—that he was the true master of Dallory Hall, so far as holding all power, to act in his hands went—had been the greatest blow to her of any she had experienced in all these latter years. It struck, don't you see, the death-warrant of *her* power: for she knew that she should never be allowed to rule again with an unjust and iron hand, as it had been her cruel pleasure to do. In all essential things, where it was needful for him to interfere, she felt that Richard's will and Richard's policy would henceforth outsway her own.

Madam sat in her dressing-room that night, looking into the future. Or, rather, striving to look. But it was very dim and misty. The sources whence she had drawn her large supplies were gone; the unlimited power was gone. Would it be worth while for her to remain at the Hall, she questioned, under the altered circumstances. Since the death of James Bohun, and her short sojourn with Sir Nash, an idea had occasionally crossed her mind that it might be desirable to take up her residence with the baronet—if she could only scheme to accomplish it. From some cause or other, she had formerly not felt at ease when with Sir Nash; but that was wearing off. At any rate, a home in his well-appointed establishment would be far preferable to Dallory if its show and expense could not be kept up; and all considerations gave way before Madam's own selfish interest.

Already Madam tasted of deposed power. Ellen Adair was to remain at the Hall, and—as Richard had emphatically enjoined—to be made welcome. Madam shut her teeth and her hands fiercely as she thought of it. Ellen Adair—whom she so hated and dreaded! She lost herself in a speculation of what Richard might have done had she persisted in her refusal. Would he have taken up his power in the hearing of the servants, and said, I am your true master; you must obey my decrees now, things must be according as I wish them? Would he have said to Madam, this is my house, and you must either fall in with my wishes, or—there's the door and you can walk out of it? She had been too wise to provoke this; and had yielded an acquiescence, tacitly at any rate, to the stay of Ellen Adair.

But, as Madam sat there, thinking of this, thinking of that, a doubt slowly loomed into her mind, whether it might not, after all, be the best policy for Ellen Adair to be at the Hall. The dread that Arthur Bohun might possibly renew his wish to marry her, in spite of all that had been said and done, lay occasionally on Madam. In fact it had never left her. She could not make a child of Arthur and keep him at her apron-string; he was free to go hither and thither at will; and, no matter in what spot of the habitable globe Ellen might be located, there was no earthly power that could stop his going to her if he wished it. Why then, surely it was safer and better that the girl should be under her own eye, always in her own immediate presence. Madam laughed a little as she rose from her musings; she could have found in her heart to thank Richard North for bringing this about.

And so, with the morning, Madam was quite prepared to be gracious to Ellen Adair. Madam was one of those accommodating people who are ready, as we are told, to hold a candle to a certain nameless personage, if they think their interest may be served by doing it. Matilda North, who knew nothing whatever of Madam's special reasons for disliking Miss Adair—save that she had heard her mother once scornfully speak of her as a low, nameless young woman, a nobody—was coldly civil to her on Richard's introduction. But the sweet face, the gentle voice, the superior manners won even on her; and when the morning came Matilda felt rather glad that the present monotony of the Hall was relieved by such an inmate, and asked her all about the death of Mrs. Cumberland.

And thus Ellen Adair was located at Dallory Hall. But Mrs. North had not bargained for a cruel perplexity that was to fall upon her ere the day was over; no less than the return to it of Captain Bohun.

It has been mentioned that Sir Nash was ailing. In Madam's new scheme, undefined and incomplete though it was at present—that of possibly taking up her residence in his house—she had judged it well to inaugurate it by trying to ingratiate herself into his favor so far as she knew how. She would have liked to make herself necessary to him. Madam had heard a hint broached of his going over to certain springs in Germany, and, as she knew she should never get taken with him there, though Arthur might, she just schemed a little to keep him in England. During the concluding days of her stay with him, Sir Nash had been overwhelmed with persuasions that he should come down to Dallory Hall and get up his health there. To hear Madam talk, never had so salubrious a spot been discovered on the earth's surface, as Dallory; its water was pure, its air a species of tonic in itself; for rural calmness, for simple delight, it possessed attractions never before realised save in Arcadia. Sir Nash, in answer to all this, had not given the least hope of trying its virtues; and Madam had finally departed believing Dallory would never see him.

But on this morning, the one after Ellen Adair's arrival, Madam, amidst other letters, got one addressed to her in her son Arthur's handwriting. According to her frequent habit of late—though why she had fallen into it she could not herself have told—she let her letters lie, unlooked at, until very late in the morning; just before luncheon, she opened them; Arthur's the last; she never cared to hear from *him*. And then Madam opened her eyes as well as the letter. She read that Sir Nash had come to a sudden resolution to accept her proffered hospitality for a short time; and that he and Arthur would be with her that very day. Now, at this very moment of reading, they were absolutely on their road to Dallory Hall.

Madam sat staring. Could she stop it, was her first thought. It was very undesirable that they should come. Ellen Adair was there; and after this new and startling revelation of Richard's, Madam was not quite sure that she might continue to crowd the house with guests at will. But there was no help for it; ransack her fertile brain as she would, and did, there seemed no possible chance of preventing the travellers' arrival. Had she known where a message would reach them, she might have telegraphed that the Hall was burning, or yellow fever had broken out in it.

Mrs. North was not the first who has had to make the best of an unlucky combination of circumstances. She gave orders amidst her servants to prepare for the reception of the guests; and descended to the luncheon table with a smooth face, saying there not a word. Richard was out, or she might have told him: he was so busy over the re-opening of those works of his, that he was only at home now night and morning. It happened, however, that on this day he had occasion to come home for some deed of agreement that lay in his desk.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon—a showery one—and Richard North was approaching the gates of the Hall with the long swinging step of a man of business, when he saw some one approach them more leisurely from the other side. It was Mary Dallory. He did not know she had come back; and his face had certainly a flush of surprise on it, as he lifted his hat to greet her.

"I got home yesterday evening," she said, smiling. "Forced to it. Dear old Frank wrote the most woe-begone letters imaginable, saying he could not get on without me."

"Did you come from Sir Nash Bohun's?" asked Richard.

"Sir Nash Bohun's! No. What put that in your head? I was at Sir Nash Bohun's for a few days some ages ago—weeks, at any rate, as it seems to me—but not lately. I have been with my aunt in South Audley street."

"London must be lively at this time," remarked Richard rather sardonically; as if, like Francis Dallory, he resented her having stayed there.

"Very. It *is*; for the tourists and people have all come back to it. I suppose you'd have liked me to stay here and catch the fever. Very kind of you! I was going in to see your father."

GIGANTIC CUTTLE-FISH CAUGHT NEAR TENERIFFE.

The French steam-corvette Alecton was between Teneriffe and Madeira when she fell in with a gigantic calamary, not less than fifty feet long, without reckoning its eight formidable arms, covered with suckers, and about twenty feet in circumference at its largest part, the head terminating in many arms of enormous size, the other extremity terminating in two fleshy lobes or fins of great size, the weight of the whole being estimated at four thousand pounds; the flesh was soft, glutinous, and of reddish-brick color.

The commander, wishing in the interests of science to secure the monster, actually engaged it in battle. Numerous shots were aimed at it, but the balls traversed its fluid and glutinous mass without causing it any vital injury. But after one of these attacks the waves were observed to be covered with foam and blood, and, singular thing, a strong odor of musk was inhaled by the spectators. This musk odor is peculiar to many of the Cephalopods.

The musket-shots not having produced the desired results, harpoons were employed, but they took no hold on the soft impalpable flesh of the marine monster. When it escaped from the harpoon it dived under the ship, and came up again at the other side. They succeeded at last in getting the harpoon to bite, and in passing a bowling hitch round the posterior part of the animal. But when they attempted to hoist it out of the water the rope penetrated deeply into the flesh, and separated it into two parts, the head with the arms and tentacles dropping into the sea and making off, while the fins and posterior parts were brought on board: they weighed about forty pounds.

The crew were eager to pursue, and would have launched a boat, but the commander refused, fearing that the animal might capsize it. The object was not, in his opinion, one in which he could risk the lives of his crew. Our engraving is copied from M. Berthelot's colored representation of this scene.

Common enough in temperate regions, the calamars abound in the seas of the Torrid zone; they are gregarious, and live in numerous shoals, their bands taking every year the same direction, their emigration proceeding from temperate to warm regions—nearly the same course as that followed by the herrings and pilchards.

He glanced at her with a half-smile and held out his arm after passing the gates.

"I am not sure that I shall take it. You have been very rude, Mr. Richard."

Richard dropped it at once, begging her pardon. His air was that of a man who has received a disagreeable check. But Miss Dallory had been joking only; she glanced up at him, and a hot flush of vexation overspread her face. Richard held it out once more, and they began talking as they went along. Some drops were beginning to fall, and he put up his umbrella.

He told her of Mrs. Cumberland's death. She had not heard of it, and expressed her sorrow, of course. But she had had no acquaintance with Mrs. Cumberland, could not remember to have seen her more than once, and that was three years ago; and the subject passed.

"I hear you have begun business again," she said.

"Well—I might answer you as Green, my old time-keeper, answered me to-day. I happened to say to him, 'We have begun once more, Green:' 'Yes, in a sort, sir,' said he, gruffly. I have begun 'in a sort,' Miss Dallory."

"And what kind of 'sort' is it?"

"In just as cautious and quiet a way as it is well possible for a poor man to begin," answered Richard. "I have no capital, as you must be aware; or, at least, as good as none."

"I daresay you could get enough of that if you wanted it. Some of your friends have plenty of it, Mr. Richard."

"I know that. Mrs Gaze quarrels with me every day, because I will not take hers, and run the risk of making ducks and drakes of it. No. I prefer to feel my way, alone; to stand or fall by myself, Miss Dallory."

"I have heard Richard North called obstinate," remarked the young lady, looking into the damp air.

"When he believes he is right. I don't think it is a bad quality, Miss Dallory. My dear sister Bessy used to say—"

"Oh, Richard, what about her—what of Bessy?" interrupted Mary Dallory, all ceremony thrown to the winds at the mention of the name. "I never was so painfully shocked in all my life as when I opened Frank's letter telling me she was dead. What *could* have killed her?"

"It was the fever, you know," answered Richard, sadly. "I never shall forget what *I* felt when I heard it. I was in Belgium."

"It seemed very strange that she should die so quickly."

"It seems strange to me still. I have not cared to talk about her since; she was my only sister and very dear to me. Rane says it was a most violent attack; and I suppose she succumbed to it quickly, without much struggle."

"That poor little Cissy Ketlar is gone, too."

"Yes."

"Is Ketlar one of the few men who have gone back to work?"

"Oh dear, no."

"Do you know I should like to shake those men until they came to their senses."

The rain had ceased; but they were walking on, unconscious of it, under the umbrella. By-and-by the fact was discovered, and the umbrella put down.

"Who's that?" exclaimed Richard. "Visitors for Madam," I suppose.

Richard alluded to the sound of carriage wheels behind. He and Miss Dallory had certainly not walked as though they were winning a wager, but they were close to the house now; and reached its door simultaneously with the carriage. Richard stood in very amazement, when he saw its inmates—Arthur Bohun, thin and sallow; and Sir Nash.

There was a hasty greeting, a welcome, and then they all entered together. Madam, Matilda, and Miss Adair sat in the drawing-room. Arthur came in side by side with Miss Dallory; he was holding her hand; they were talking together, and a slight flush illumined his thin face. Ellen, feeling shy amidst them all, remained in the back ground: she would not press forward: but a general change of position brought her and Arthur close to each other; and she held out her hand timidly, with a rosy blush.

He turned white as death. He staggered back as though he had seen a spectre. Just for a minute he was utterly unnerved; and then, some sort of presence of mind returning to him, he looked another way without further notice, and began talking again with Miss Dallory.

But Miss Dallory had no longer leisure to waste on him. *She* had caught sight of Ellen, whom she had never seen, and was wonderfully struck. Never in her whole life had she found a face so unutterably lovely.

"Mr. Richard"—touching his arm, as he stood by Arthur Bohun, and the young lady had to stretch before Arthur to get to it—"who is that young lady?"

"Ellen Adair."

"Is *that* Ellen Adair! Oh what a sweet face it is! I never saw one so lovely. Do take me to her, Mr. Richard."

Richard introduced them. Arthur Bohun, his bosom beating with shame and pain, turned to the window: a sick faintness was stealing over him; he was very weak yet. How he loved her!—*how* he loved her! More; ay, ten times more, as it seemed to him, than of yore. And yet, he must only treat her with coldness; worse than if she and he were strangers. What untoward mystery could have brought her to Dallory Hall? He stole away, on the plea of looking for Mr. North. Madam, who had all her eyes about her and had been using them, followed him out.

There was a hasty colloquy. He asked why Miss Adair was there. Madam replied by telling (for once in her life) the pure truth. She favored him with a short history of the previous night's events that had culminated in Richard's assumption of will. The girl was there, as he saw, concluded Madam, and she could not help it.

"Did Mrs. Cumberland reveal to her before she died what you told me about—about her father?" inquired Arthur, from between his dry and feverish and trembling lips.

"I have no means of knowing. I should think not, for the girl betrays no consciousness of it in her manner. Listen, Arthur," added Madam, impressively laying her hand on his arm. "It is unfortunate that you are subjected to be in the same house with her; but I cannot, you perceive, send her from it. All you have to do is to avoid her: never allow yourself to speak to her; never be for a moment alone with her. You will be safe then."

"Yes, it will be the only way," he mechanically answered, as he quitted Madam, and went on.

Meanwhile Ellen Adair little thought what cruelty was in store for her. Shocked though she had been at the first moment by Arthur Bohun's apparent non-recognition, it was so improbable a rudeness *for him* to be capable of, in his almost ultra-native courteousness, even to a stranger, that she soon decided he had purposely not greeted her until they should be alone, or else had really not recognized her.

In crossing the hall an hour later, Ellen met him face to face. He was coming out of Mr. North's parlor; she was passing it towards a door that led to the grounds at the back. No one was about; they were quite alone.

"Arthur," she softly said, smiling at him and putting out her hand.

He went red and white, and hot and cold. He lifted his hat, which he happened to be wearing, having come straight in through the glass doors, and politely murmured some mechanical words that sounded like "I beg your pardon, Miss Adair." And then he turned short round, and traversed the room back to the garden, putting on his hat again.

It seemed to her as though she had received her death-blow. There could no longer be any doubt or misapprehension after this, as to what the future was to be. Every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush to her heart and set it beating: the feeling was one akin to terror. Ellen Adair crept into the drawing-room, empty then, and leaned her aching brow against the window frame.

Presently Matilda North entered. The young lady had her ins and outs of curiosity the same as her mother, and fancied some

great sight was to be seen. She increased her speed.

"What are you looking at, Miss Adair?"

"Nothing," answered Ellen, lifting her head. And in truth she had not been looking out at all.

"Ah, I see," significantly spoke Miss North.

Walking slowly side by side along a distant path, went Captain Bohun and Miss Dallory. Matilda, acting on a hint from Madam, would not let slip the opportunity.

"Captain Bohun is losing no time, is he?"

"In what way?" inquired Ellen.

"Don't you know that they are engaged? He is to marry Miss Dallory. We had all kinds of love passages, I assure you, when he was ill at my uncle's, and she was there helping me to nurse him."

"And they—do you say they are engaged?" murmured poor Ellen.

"Of course. It will be a love match too, for he is very fond of her—and she of him. I think Richard was once a little bit *gone* in that quarter; but Arthur has put him out. Sir Nash is so pleased at Arthur's choice; so is mamma: they are both very fond of Mary Dallory."

And that all-but completed ceremony only a few weeks back in the church at Eastsea!—and the ring and license she held in store still!—and the deep, deep love they had vowed to each other, and vowed to maintain forever—what did it all mean? Ellen Adair asked the question of herself in her agony. And as her heart returned the common-sense answer—fickleness; faithlessness—she felt as if a great sea of fire were scorching away hope and peace and happiness. The iron had entered into her soul.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE HOUSE TOGETHER.

It was a curious position, that of some of the present inmates of Dallory Hall. Sir Nash Bohun, who went down to accompany Arthur more than anything else, and who had not intended to remain above a day or two, stayed on. The quiet life after the bustle of London was grateful to him; the sweet country air really seemed to possess some of the salubrious properties Madam had ascribed to it. He liked to sit amidst Mr. North's flower beds—that is to say, where the flowers had been; for it was getting too near winter for many to be seen now. He liked to watch the falling of the leaves from the dying trees; dying until the early spring should come round and renew their vitality. Sir Nash was about to go abroad a long, long way when that genial spring time should set in and try the effect of some medicinal waters that bear the reputation of renewing failing strength. Until then he was grateful for any change, any society that served to pass the time.

Sir Nash had been as much struck by the exceeding beauty of Ellen Adair as strangers mostly were. That she was a very sweet girl, one of those who seem made to be specially loved, he could but see. In the bustle of their first arrival, he had not noticed her: there were so many besides her to be greeted; and Miss Dallory amidst them, whose appearance was entirely unexpected and consequently a surprise. Not until they were assembling for dinner, did Sir Nash observe her. His eyes suddenly rested on a most beautiful girl in a simple black-silk evening dress, its low body and sleeves edged with white tulle, and a black necklace on her pretty neck. He was wondering who she was when he heard Richard North speak of her as Ellen Adair. Sir Nash drew Arthur Bohun to the far end of the drawing-room, ostensibly to look at one of Turner's pictures.

"Arthur, who *is* she? It cannot be his daughter! Adair's?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Mercy be good to her!" cried Sir Nash in his compassionate dismay. "What an awful calamity. She looks entirely charming in herself; fit to mate with a prince of the blood-royal."

"And so she is."

"To have been born to a blighted name, an inheritance of ignominy!" continued Sir Nash. "Poor thing, poor thing! Does she know about it?"

"No, I am sure she does not," replied Arthur warmly, his tone one of intense pain. "She believes her father to be as honorable and good as you are."

For the very fact of Ellen's having put out her hand to him in the hall with that bright and confiding smile, had convinced Arthur Bohun that at present she knew nothing.

It made his own position all the worse, for to her his behaviour must appear simply infamous. Yet, how tell her?—what kind of excuse make? Here they were, located in the same house; and yet they could only be to each other as formal strangers. An explanation was due to Ellen Adair, but from the very nature of the subject, he could not give it. If he had possessed the slightest notion that she was putting it down to a wrong cause—to an engagement with Miss Dallory—he would at least have set that right. But who was likely to tell him? No one. Madam and Matilda, be you very sure, would not; still less Ellen herself. And so the complication would, and must go on, just as unhappy complications do sometimes go on. But there is this much to be said—that the setting straight the only point that might have been set straight, would not have made any difference to the breach between the two who had been hopelessly separated.

And Sir Nash Bohun never once brought himself to enter on any sort of intercourse with Ellen Adair. He would not have chosen, had he known it beforehand, to take up his sojourn under the same roof with one whose father had played so fatal a part with his long-ago dead brother; it had been contrived by circumstances. In herself, the young lady was unobjectionable—nay, so deserving of respect and homage—that Sir Nash was won out of his proj cted coldness, and he would smile pleasantly upon her when paying the slight, unavoidable courtesies of every-day life. But he never lingered near her; he never entered on prolonged conversation; a bow or two, and good morning and good night, composed their acquaintanceship. He got to pity her: almost to love her, and he relieved his feelings at least once a day in private by sending sundry uncomplimentary epithets after the man, William Adair, for blighting the name held by this fair and sweet young lady.

It was not a very sociable party, take it on the whole. Sir Nash had a sitting-room assigned him, and stayed much in it; his grief for his son was not over, and perhaps never would be. Mr. North was often shut up in his parlor, or walking with bent head amid the garden paths. Madam kept greatly aloof, nobody knew where; Matilda was buried in her novels, French and English, or chattering some where alone to Madam's French maid. Richard was at the works all day. Ellen Adair, feeling herself a kind of interloper, stayed in her chamber, or went to remote parts of the garden and sat there in solitude. As to Arthur Bohun, he was an invalid still, weak and ill, and would often not be seen until luncheon or dinner-time. There was a general meeting at meals, and a sociable evening after it.

Madam had not allowed matters to take their course without a prompting word from herself. On the day after Sir Nash and Arthur arrived, she came, all smiles and suavity, knocking at the door of Ellen's chamber. She found that young lady weeping bitter tears—who stammered out, as she wiped them away and strove for composure, some excuse about feeling so greatly the sudden death of Mrs. Cumberland. Madam was gracious, considerate, as she could be when she pleased. She poured some scent on her own white handkerchief, and held it to Miss Adair's nose. Ellen thanked her, and gave it back again, and smoothed her hair back with her hand and dried her tears, and rose up out of the emotion as a thing of the past.

"I am sorry it should have happened that Sir Nash chose this time to come," spoke Madam; "you might just now have preferred to be alone with us. Captain Bohun is still so very unwell that Sir Nash says he could not bring him."

"Yes," mechanically replied Ellen, really not knowing what part it was she assented to.

"And Arthur—of course he was anxious to come; he knew Mary Dallory would be back," went on Madam with candor, like a woman without guile. "We are all delighted at the prospect of his marrying her. Before he was heir to the baronetcy it of course did not so much matter how he married, provided it were a gentlewoman of family fit to consort with the Bohuns. But now that he has come into the succession through poor James's death, things have changed. Did you know that Sir Nash has cut off the entail?" abruptly broke off Madam.

Ellen thought she did. The fact was, Arthur had told Mrs. Cumberland of it at Eastsea; but Ellen did not understand much about entails, so the matter had passed from her mind.

"The cutting off of the entail has placed Arthur entirely in his uncle's hands," continued Madam. "If Arthur were to offend him, Sir Nash might not leave him a ten-shilling piece. It is fortunate for all of us that Mary Dallory is so charming. Sir Nash is almost as proud of her as is Arthur, and she is a great heiress, you know; she must have at the very least three or four thousand a year. Some people say it's more; the minority of the Dallory children was so long."

"It is a great deal," murmured Ellen.

"Yes. But it will be very acceptable, I'm sure, by the way affairs seem to be going on with Mr. North and Richard, it looks as though Arthur would have us all on his hands. It has been a *great* happiness to us, his choosing Miss Dallory for his wife. I don't believe he thought much of her before his illness. She was staying with us in town during that time, and so—and so the love grew, and Arthur made up his mind. He had the good sense to see the responsibility that James Bohun's death left on him, to make a suitable and proper choice."

Ellen had learnt a lesson lately in self-control, and maintained her calmness now. She did not know Madam (except by reputation) quite as well as some people did, and was taken in to believe she spoke in all sincerity. One thing she could not decide—whether Madam had known of the projected marriage at Eastsea, or not. She felt inclined to fancy that she had not, and Ellen hoped it with all her whole heart. Madam lingered on yet to say a few more words. She drew an affecting picture of the solace, the joy, the consolation this projected union of her son with Mary Dallory brought to her, his mother, and—as if she were addressing an imaginary audience in the ceiling—turned up her eyes and clasped her hands, and declared she must put it to the honor and good feeling of the world in general never to attempt anything by word or deed, that might tend to mar this blessed state of things. With that she kissed Ellen Adair, and said, now that she had apologized for their not being quite alone at the Hall, and explained how it happened that Sir Nash came, she would leave her to dress.

As the days went on, something happened to intensify the state of affairs—or, at least to strengthen Ellen's view of them—Mary Dallory came on a visit to the Hall. Her brother Francis went away from home to join a shooting party, and Madam seized upon the occasion to invite his sister. She came, seemingly nothing loth; and with her a great trunk-full of paraphernalia. Matilda North had once said, when calling Mary Dallory a flirt, that she'd come fast enough to the Hall when Richard and Arthur were there. Anyway, she came now. After this, Arthur Bohun would be more down stairs than he was before; and he and she would be often together in the grounds, sitting on benches under the evergreens, or strolling along the walks side by side. Sometimes Arthur would take her arm with an invalid's privilege; his limp at the present time was more perceptible than it ever had been, and sometimes she would take his. They seemed to be always talking, their heads close together after the manner of those who hold confidential intercourse. Ellen Adair would watch them through this window, through that window, and press her trembling fingers on her aching heart. She saw it all; or thought she did. Arthur Bohun had found that his future prospects in life, his reinstatement, in fact, depended upon his wedding Miss Dallory, or some one equally eligible; and so he had resolved to forget the sweet romance of the past, and embrace reality.

She thought he might have spoken to her. So much was certainly due her; to her who had all but been his wife. His present treatment of her was simply despicable; next door to wicked. Better that he had explained only as Madam did; what was there to hinder his telling her the truth? He might have said to her, ever so briefly: "Such and such things have arisen, and my former plans are frustrated, and I cannot help myself." But no; all he did was to avoid her; he never sought to touch her hand; his eyes never met hers if he could guard against it. It was exactly as though he had grown to despise her, and sought to show it. *Did* he? When Ellen's fears suggested the question—and it was in her mind pretty often now—she would turn sick with despair, and wish to die.

The truth was this. Arthur Bohun's fears lest he should betray his still ardent love, caused him to be more studiously cold to Ellen that he need have been. A strange yearning would come over him to clasp her to his heart and sob out his grief and tenderness; and the very fear lest he might really do this some day, lest passion and nature should become too strong for prudence and conventionality, made him shun her and seem to behave, as Ellen thought it, despicably. He knew it himself; he called himself far more despicable than Ellen could call him; a coward, a knave, a miserably dishonored man. And so that's the way things went on at Dallory Hall, and were likely to go on.

One afternoon, a few days after Mrs. Cumberland was interred, Ellen went to see her grave. Madam, Miss Dallory, Matilda and Sir Nash had gone out driving. Arthur had been away somewhere since the morning. Mr. North was over the celery bed with his head gardener. There was only Ellen; she was alone and lonely, and she put her black things on and walked through Dallory to the churchyard. It happened that she met three or four people she knew, and she stayed to talk with them. Mrs. Gass was one; the widow of Henry Hepburn was another. But she got on at last, feeling a little shy at being seen abroad alone. In walking so far as Dallory Mrs. Cumberland had always caused a servant to attend her.

The grave had been made not far from Benny Rane's. Ellen had no difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other, though as yet there was no stone to mark either. Mrs. Cumberland's was near that of the late Thomas Gass; Benny's was close to Edmund North's. A great winter tree, an evergreen, overshadowed this corner of the churchyard, and she sat down on the bench that went round its trunk. Benny's grave was almost at her feet; two yards or so away.

She leaned her face on her hand, and was still. The past, the present, the future; Mrs. Cumberland, Benny Rane, Edmund North; her own bitter trouble, and other things—all seemed to be struggling together simultaneously in her brain. But, as she sat on, the tumult cleared itself a little, and she lost herself in imaginative thoughts of that heaven where pain and care shall be no more. Could they see her?—could Mrs. Cumberland look down and see her, Ellen Adair, sitting there in her sorrow? A painful idea came to her that perhaps the dead were the guardian angels appointed to watch the living; to be "in charge over those to keep them in all their ways." If so, why then who was watching her?—it must be her own mother, Mary Adair. Could these guardian angels pray for them?—intercede with the mighty God and the Saviour that their sins here might be blotted out? How long Ellen gave to these thoughts she never knew, but she wound up with crying to herself, and she wondered how long it would be before she joined them all in heaven.

Somebody approaching from the back of the tree, came round with a low step and sat down on the bench. It was a gentleman in black, she could see that much, though he was nearly on the other side of the tree's trunk and so had his back to her. Ellen found she had not been observed and prepared to leave. It had grown dusk in the twilight of the dull evening. As she stooped to pick up her handkerchief, which had fallen, the gentleman turned and saw her: saw, as well, the tears on her face. It was Captain Bohun.

He got up quicker than he had sat down, intending no doubt to move away. But in his haste he dropped his stick—a great thick stick that he used for support in walking since his illness—and it fell across Ellen's feet. She stooped in some confused impulse to pick it up, and so did he.

"Thank you—I beg your pardon," he said with an air of self-humiliation so great that it might have wrung a tender heart to see. And then he felt that he could not, for very shame, go off without some further notice, as he had been thinking to do. Though why he stayed to speak, and what he said, it might have puzzled him at the moment to tell. Instinct, more than reason, prompted the words.

"She was taken off very suddenly."

Standing close, though he was, to Benny's grave, Ellen thought he looked across at Mrs. Cumberland's. And the latter had been latest in her thoughts.

"Yes. I feared we should not get her home. And I feel sure that the journey was fatal to her: that, if she had remained still, she would not have died quite so soon."

"It was of Benny I spoke."

"Oh—I thought you meant Mrs. Cumberland. Her death has made so much difference to me, that—that—I suppose my mind runs on her. This is the first time I have been here."

Both of them were agitated to pain: both could fain have pressed their hearts tightly to still the frightful beating there.

"Ellen, I should like to say a word to you," he suddenly exclaimed, turning his face to her for a moment, and then turning it aside again. "I am aware that nothing can excuse the deep shame of my conduct in not having attempted any explanation. To you I cannot attempt it. I should have given it to Mrs. Cumberland if she had not died."

Ellen made no answer. Her handkerchief lay in her hand, and she looked down upon it.

"The subject was so intensely painful and awkward—that at first I did not think I could have mentioned it even to Mrs. Cumberland. Then came my illness. After that, while I lay day after day, left to my own reflections, things began to present themselves in rather a different light; and I saw that to maintain my silence would be the most wretched shame of all. I resolved to disclose everything to Mrs. Cumberland: and leave her to repeat it to you if she thought fit—at least as much of it as would give you the clue to the cause of my strange and apparently unjustifiable conduct."

Ellen's fingers were pulling at the hem of her handkerchief, this way and that. She did not speak.

"Mrs. Cumberland's death, I say, prevented this," continued Captain Bohun, who had gathered somewhat of courage now the matter was opened, and stood fully turned to her, leaning both hands on his stick: "and I have felt since in a frightful dilemma, from which I see no escape. To you I cannot enter on an explanation: nor yet am I able to tell you why I cannot. The subject is altogether so very painful—"

Ellen lifted her head suddenly to speak. Every drop of blood had deserted her face, leaving it of an ashy whiteness. The movement caused him to pause.

"I know what it is," she managed to say between her white and trembling lips.

"You—know—it?"

"Yes. All."

Alas for the misapprehensions of this world! *He* was thinking only of the strange disclosure made to him concerning Mr. Adair; *she* only of his engagement to Miss Dallory. At her avowal all kinds of thoughts came surging through his brain. And she knew it all!

"Have you known it long?" he questioned, in a low tone.

"The time may be counted by days."

He jumped to the conclusion that Mrs. Cumberland had disclosed it to her on her death-bed. And her knowledge of it bettered his position just a little. But, looking at her, at her pale, sweet face and down-cast eyes, at the anguish pervading every line of her countenance, and which she could not hide, Arthur Bohun's heart was filled to overflowing with a strange pity, that seemed to wring it to breaking. He drew nearer to her.

"Thank God that you understand, Ellen—that at least you do not think me the shameless scoundrel I must otherwise have appeared," he whispered, his voice trembling with its deep emotion. "I cannot help myself: you must see that I cannot, as you know all. The blow nearly killed me. My fate—our fate, if I may dare still so to couple your name with mine—is a very bitter one."

Ellen had begun to shiver inwardly. Something in his words grated terribly on her ear: and pride enabled her to keep down outward emotion.

"You left the ring and license with me," she abruptly said, in perhaps an access of bitterness of temper. "What am I to do with them?"

"Burn them; destroy them," he fiercely replied. "They are worthless to me now."

But he so spoke only in his anguish. Ellen interpreted it differently.

"God help us both, Ellen! A cruel, wicked fate has parted us for this world: but we may be permitted to be together in the next. It is all my hope now."

Should she be able to keep down the emotion and the bitter grief? It was shaking and trying her.

"Heaven bless and take care of you, Ellen! Our paths in life must lie apart; but I pray always that yours may be a happy one."

Without further word, without touching her hand, thus he went. Limping on to the broad path, and thence down it towards the gate of the church-yard.

There are moments into which a whole lifetime of agony seems to be compressed. Such a one was this for Ellen Adair. Dusk was coming on now rapidly—but she sat on, her head bent low on her hands. They were, then, separated for ever; there was no further hope for her! he himself had confirmed it. She wondered whether the pain would kill her; whether she should be able to battle with it—or must die of the humiliation it brought. The pain and the humiliation were strong and sharp now; now as she sat. By-and-by there stole again into her mind those thoughts which Captain Bohun's appearance had interrupted—the Heavenly place of Rest to which Benny and Mrs Cumberland had past. Insensibly it soothed her; and imagination went roving away unchecked. She seemed to see the white robes of the Redeemer: she saw the golden harps in their hands, and the soft, sweet light around them, and the love and peace. The thoughts served to show her how poor and worthless, as compared with the joys of that Better Land, were the trials and pains of this world: how short a moment, even at the longest, they had to be endured; how quickly and surely all here must pass away. Yes, she might endure with patience for the time! And when she lifted her head, it was to break into a flood of violent and yet soothing tears, that she could not have shed before.

"Father in Heaven, Thou seest all my trouble and my agony. I have no one in the world to turn to for shelter—and the blast is strong. Vouchsafe to guide and cover me!"

But it was close upon night. With a wet handkerchief and eyes still streaming, she rose to make her way out of the churchyard. In a sheltered nook that she passed sat a man: and Ellen started a little, and quickened her pace. It was Captain Bohun. Instead of going away, he had turned back to wait. She understood it at once: at that hour he would not leave her alone in the graveyard. He wished to be chivalrous to her still, for all his barefaced faithlessness. In the very teeth of his avowed desertion of her, his words and manner had proved that he loved her yet. Loved *her*, and not another. It brought its own comfort to Ellen Adair. Of course it ought not, but it did: for the human heart at best is frail and faulty.

Captain Bohun followed her out of the churchyard, and kept her in sight all the way home, every fibre of feeling he possessed aching for her. He had seen the signs and traces of her fit of weeping; he knew what must be the amount of her anguish. He might have been ready to shoot himself could it have restored peace to her; he felt that he should very much like to shoot Mr. Adair, whose bad deed had entailed this misery upon them.

At the Hall gates he was overtaken by Richard, striding home in haste to dinner. Richard, passing his arm through Arthur's, began telling him that he feared he was going to have some sharpish trouble with his ex-workmen.

And as they, the once fond lovers, sat at table, and in the lighted drawing-room, Arthur as far from her, according to custom, as he could get, some present suspected, or could suspect, the scene that had taken place in the churchyard. Ellen Adair's eyes looked heavy; but that was nothing unusual now. It was known that she grieved for Mrs. Cumberland.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 1, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2 50; Two copies $4 00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12 00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00 Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single number sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2 50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

LEARNING A TRADE.

We commend the following from the "*Manufacturer and Builder*," to the attention of parents, especially in our cities, towns and villages. In the country, fortunately, the boys always do learn the trade of farming, the most important of all trades:

Why is it that there is such a repugnance on the part of parents to putting their sons to a trade? A skilled mechanic is an independent man. Go where he will, his craft will bring him support. He need ask favors of none. He has literally his fortune in his own hands. Yet foolish parents—ambitious that their sons should "rise in the world," as they say—are more willing that they should study for a profession, with the chances of even moderate success heavily against them, or run the risk of spending their manhood in the ignoble task of retailing dry goods, or of toiling laboriously at the accountant's desk, than learn a trade which would bring them manly strength, health, and independence. In point of fact, the method they choose is the one least likely to achieve the advancement aimed at; for the supply of candidates for positions as "errand boys," dry-goods clerks, and kindred occupations is notoriously overstocked; while, on the other hand, the demand for really skilled mechanics, of every description, is as notoriously beyond the supply. The crying need of this country to-day is for skilled labor; and that father who neglects to provide his son with a useful trade, and hesees that he thoroughly masters it, does him a grievous wrong; and runs the risk of helping, by so much, to increase the stock of idle and dependent, if not vicious, members of society. It is stated in the report of the Prison Association, lately issued, that of fourteen thousand five hundred and ninety-six prisoners confined in the penitentiaries of thirty states, in 1867, seventy-seven per cent., or over ten thousand of the number, had never learned a trade. The fact conveys a lesson of profound interest to those who have in charge the training of boys, and girls too, for the active duties of life.

Our California correspondent, Auber Forester, has been repeatedly applied to for information relative to the chances of obtaining employment in California, and the far West generally. The answer is always this: If you know how to do anything with your hands the West is longing for you. There is a great demand for carpenters, blacksmiths, farmers, &c. But the land is already full of clerks, teachers, doctors and lawyers.

And so it is in the East. If we advertise for a clerk, we get a hundred applications. But if for a skilled laborer, comparatively few. And yet the wages of these latter exceed as a general thing those of the former.

We know however that there is one great obstacle to learning the trades—and that is the rule of the various Trades' Unions, forbidding employers to take more than a limited number of apprentices. The design of this rule is to create and maintain a monopoly of skilled labor. But as it is opposed to the proper education of our youth, and thus to the most important interests of society, this rule should be repealed by the various Unions—or, in default of its repeal, a law should be enacted making the

☞ A minister once prayed: "Oh! Lord, we thank Thee for the goodly number here to-night, and that *Thou*, also, art here, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather!"

☞ Four things come not back—the broken word, the spent arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

☞ A courteous Frenchman, in reply to a question why ladies were not admitted into the Chamber of Deputies, said that to be a member it was requisite to be forty years of age, and it was impossible to suppose that any lady would reach that unseemly age.

☞ A housewife on a prairie farm illustrated the condition of farmers' wives when she said:—"It's mighty easy for the men and the horses, but it's death on *women and oxen!*"

☞ It was once said of a penurious money lender that he kept the trunk containing his securities near the head of his bed, and laid awake to hear them draw interest.

☞ A correspondent of the Chicago Journal says:—"How can your institution (polygamy) stand a railroad?" I asked one of the Mormon elders some time since in Chicago. "If Chicago can stand a railroad I guess we can," was the reply; which for the moment rather staggered me, and I replied simply, "I will go and see."

attempt to coerce employers into its observance a criminal offence. We look to the sensible members of the Trades' Unions for the repeal of all such mischievous and selfish rules; and, in their default, to our agricultural community for the passage of a proper state law on the subject.

AN ENTERPRISING GENTLEMAN.—Mr. John Wanamaker is an enterprising gentleman. With two stores—one of them the largest of its kind, we believe, in the country—and the other a very handsome building, for which, we have understood, he pays the moderate rent of $20,000 a year, one would think he would have his hands full, and be willing to rest all day on Sundays. But we understand that he takes his relaxation on Sundays, by superintending one of the largest of Sunday schools, gathered together in the poorest portion of the city.

All this is suggested by a simple notice from Mr. Wanamaker that he has received his Autumn and Winter stock of ready made clothing and piece goods, and is ready for his customers.

He must be a difficult man to suit who cannot find something to his mind in Mr. Wanamaker's immense stock of clothing.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PARIS, Sept. 23.—A picked force from Paris under Ducrot, of 50 000 men, has been defeated and driven back into the city. Had General Ducrot been seconded by his troops he would have won a brilliant victory. The flight of the zouaves ruined all. Sixty thousand cartridges given them before the battle were hardly distributed among them when these cowards discovered, crying "we have no ammunition." They ran into Paris amid execrations and hootings. They have been arrested in great numbers, and it is proposed to shoot them, or at least to make a good example of them in Champs de Mars.

The Young Mobiliste did better. They stood their ground; but the result of all is that the army of Ducrot has returned behind the forts, and General Trochu falls back upon his original idea of defending Paris by itself. All the defensive movements henceforth will be behind the walls. The enemy occupy all the heights overlooking the Seine, from Bellevue to Montretout. Nothing now prevents them from crossing the Seine, rebuilding bridges and bombarding the city both from the heights of Montretout and even nearer, since the fire from the ramparts is obstructed by buildings and trees.

Attacks on the Government continue, and are if possible more bitter now that we are all shut up together. Some of the "Red" organs, the "Reveil" for instance, insist that there shall be no peace on any terms, that the war must go on at all hazards until victory is won. These same people insist on a clean sweep being made in public officers.

Intelligence has arrived from Paris that a mob had commenced pillaging hotels which have been deserted by their owners, and silver, furniture, pictures and statues were taken. Before long, Paris may regard the incoming of the Prussians as a lesser evil than the "Red" supremacy. We are doing well enough about provisions and supplies. Meat 20 cents a pound—bread and wine plenty. City healthy.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—Telegrams are posted up in the news rooms here reporting that the theatre at Strasbourg was set on fire by a shell, and two hundred persons who had taken refuge in the building, the majority being women, were burned to death. Also that private residences in the city have been broken open and plundered by a mob.

WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—LONDON, Sept. 23.—A Berlin telegram, which is to be received cautiously, has the following startling intelligence:—Russia is in motion to seize the Black Sea and probably the Dardanelles. War between the Czar and the Sultan is imminent.

Austria has consented to the formation of a powerful Russian camp in Bessarabia, and another on the Polish frontier; and it is believed such announcement prefigures an open avowal of an Austro-Russian Alliance for combined action.

Rome is now completely occupied by the Italian troops. Popular demonstrations of approval continues throughout the kingdom.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—[Special to the New York Herald.]—Count Bismarck, in his last circular, states that the Government of Napoleon is at present the only one formally recognized by Germany and other leading powers of Europe. The conditions of peace, therefore, are dependent on that Government. No disturbance of the peace of Europe is to be feared from Germany, and she will demand future safety as the price of her present exertion.

Bismarck repudiates all idea of German intervention for the reorganization of France, but says if Strasbourg and Metz remain in French hands, the offensive of France overpowers the defensive of Germany.

The general tenor of the European dispatches, to-day, is accepted as foreshadowing the early capitulation of Paris. The state of affairs within the city itself is believed to be such, now, that its occupation by the Prussians alone can preserve order. An early surrender, therefore, is looked for as a social, if not a military, necessity.

☞ It is announced from Washington, that the President has appointed Senator Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, Minister to England, and that Mr. Morton has accepted.

☞ FREE PEWS.—The Presbyterian church at West Farms, New York, finds, after one year's trial of free pews, that it has received six hundred dollars in excess of contributions over any previous year.

☞ Mr. Spinner's relapse is attributed by his physicians to his having imprudently attempted to sign his name to a U. S. note before his strength was fully re-established. He is now better again, but is advised to confine himself to gentler exercise—say, walking twenty miles a day or so—for some time before essaying another autograph.

☞ There is a sea beach at Manchester, near Cape Ann, which is remarkable for its "musical tone." As you step briskly over it a distinct and somewhat shrill clear note is heard, which seems to be upon the key of C of the treble scale. By scraping or shuffling the foot over the sand the tone may be prolonged, and it is loudest where the sand is dryest. Hugh Miller mentions a similar phenomenon on a beach upon the coast of Scotland.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

How worthless is all literary criticism, favorable or unfavorable, in the long run. The novel, essay, or poem, ultimately is judged upon its own merits. "This will never do"—"this is blank trash"—"this is worse than trash"—"there is no poetry in this"—"the author mistakes his vocation," angrily write a certain class of critics of every new genius, even of Milton, and Keats, and Shelley, and Wordsworth, and Byron—but the thing does "do" after all, and is at length fully recognized to be poetry and truth, and not mere pretentious trash.

This is one side. And yet there is another. Criticism often does a good or bad work by encouraging or discouraging the production of works of genius—and by causing them to develope less gracefully and beautifully than they otherwise would. It may make the atmosphere too cold and dry for the roses. Thus an age of criticism is said to be unfavorable to the production of the highest work of genius. The serene air in which such works would grow is constantly disturbed by the barkings of critical curs. The poet's mind is distracted from his subject by their incessant howlings. "Come thou out also and be devoured by us," is their cry—and though he knows they can do him no harm with the Future, they may do him great harm with the Present—may lessen the regard of his friends, injure the sale of his work, and thus put it out of his power to follow what he believes to be his highest vocation.

In one case only does it seem to us that unfavorable criticism is an advantage to the world. It is in the case of works which are popular, and which the critic thinks do not deserve to be popular. In this case, even criticism of the common unfair and flippant kind can do little harm, because everybody has the censured work at hand, and can judge for himself of the truthfulness, wisdom and taste of the criticism. Besides, in such a case, no author can be written down even for a time, who does not deserve such a fate—while a little cold censure may only tone to a healthy vigor the too warm winds of praise.

To conclude, one thing strikes us as being especially mean in a critic—to condemn to a large and influential circle of readers any book which has had a very limited circulation, without making extracts from the book itself to show upon what foundation the criticism rests. In a criminal court, no man can be tried, and have sentence pronounced against him, without being brought personally before the jury. So a book, it seems to us, has a right to be treated. To condemn without full and fair quotation, in order that the book may have a chance to speak for itself before the tribunal of judgment—more especially to avoid making full quotations, lest the great jury of readers should see how unfair the judgment is—is what no fair and manly critic ever will do. It is too much like striking at a man behind his back, or condemning him unheard. And though there are men who take especial delight in wounding when they can do it with impunity, and in making flippant speeches where they cannot well be answered, such men, it is evident, are entirely out of their place when seated in what should be the august and honorable chair of the reviewer.

Ah Song Hi Writes Home from California.

BY MARK TWAIN.

DEAR CHING-FOO:—I stepped ashore jubilant! I wanted to dance, shout, sing, worship the generous Land of the Free and Home of the Brave. But as I walked from the gang-plank a man in a gray uniform* kicked me violently behind and told me to look out—so my employer translated it. As I turned, an other officer of the same kind struck me with a short club and also instructed me to look out. I was about to take hold of my end of the pole which had mine and Hong-Wo's basket and things suspended from it, when a third officer hit me with his club to signify that I was to drop it, and then kicked me to signify that he was satisfied with my promptness. Another person came now, and searched all through our baskets and bundles, emptying everything out on the dirty wharf. Then this per on and another searched us all over. They found a little package of opium sewed into the artificial part of Hong-Wo's queue, and they took that, and also they made him prisoner and handed him over to an officer, who marched him away. They took his luggage, too, because of his crime, and as our luggage was so mixed together that they could not tell mine from his, they took it all. When I offered to help divide it, they kicked me and desired me to look out.

Having now no baggage and no companion, I told my employer that if he was willing, I could walk about a little and see the city and the people until he needed me. I did not like to seem disappointed with my reception in the good land of refuge for the oppressed, and so I looked and spoke as cheerily as I could. But he said, wait a minute—I must be vaccinated to prevent my taking the small-pox. I smiled and said I had already had the small-pox, as he could see by the marks, and so I need not wait to be "vaccinated," as he called it. But he said it was the law, and I must be vaccinated anyhow. The doctor would never let me pass, for the law obliged him to vaccinate all Chinamen and charge them *ten dollars apiece* for it—and I might be sure that no doctor who would be the servant of that law would let a fee slip through his fingers to accommodate any absurd fool who had seen fit to have the disease in some other country. And presently the doctor came and did his work, and took my last penny—my ten dollars which were the hard savings of nearly a year and a-half of labor and privation. Ah, if the law-makers had only known there were plenty of doctors in the city glad of a chance to vaccinate people for a dollar or two, they would never have put the price upon it so high against a poor friendless Irish, or Italian, or Chinese pauper fleeing to the good land to escape hunger and hard times. —*The Galaxy.*

* Policeman.

☞ An able physiologist remarks that more than one-fifth of the human body is composed of phosphorus. "Punch" remarks that this most likely accounts for the number of *matches* made.

☞ A QUEER COMPLIMENT.—A young lady with a very pretty foot, but a rather large ankle, went into a San Francisco shoe store to be measured. The admiring clerk, who is of Gallic extraction, complimented her in the following queer way: "Mad-am, you have one beautiful foot, but so leg commence too immediately!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE YOUNG DUKE. A Novel. By the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, author of "Lothair," "Venetia," "Henrietta Temple," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE THREE BROTHERS. A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Brownings," etc. Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part, For September. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Contains so many good things we hardly knew what to pick out first. The papers of travel upon "Watkins' Glen" and the "Adirondacks" are interesting; and stories, biographies, scientific and artistic papers are mixed up in the most delightful confusion.

THE GALAXY. For October. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York. This number contains a portrait of Count Bismarck, the continuation of Justin McCarthy's story, and an article called "Does it Pay to Visit the Yo Semite," by Olive Logan, and numerous other papers. Also Mark Twain's humorous department, which is quite funny this month, "Nebulae" by the Editor, etc., etc.

MONSIEUR SYLVESTRE. A Novel. By GEORGE SAND. Translated from the French by Francis George Shaw. Published by Robert Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

GOOD HEALTH. For October. A Journal of Physical and Mental Culture. Published by Alexander Moore, Boston. The articles on "Gymnastics" and "Women's Dress" are excellent.

PUNCHINELLO. Published by the Punchinello Publishing Co., New York.

War As It Is.

Dr. W. H. Russell sends the following account of the battle of Sedan, and the scenes on the field, to the London Times. He writes from Donobery on September 3:—

The greatest event of our time has occurred under the eyes of those who saw the battle of Sedan. I think the British public must have had enough of battle-field horrors and hospital scenes. There will be plenty of letters describing *Kranken-tragers*, burial parties, wounded men, heaps of dead, the hideous reverse of the medal on the other side of which are the bright emblazonments of glory and victory. I will not dwell on the topic, but ask your readers to be content with the assurance that no human eye ever rested on such revolting objects as were presented by the battle-fields around Sedan. Let them fancy masses of *colored rags glued together with blood and brains, and pinned into strange shapes by fragments of bones*. Let them conceive men's bodies without heads, legs without bodies, heaps of human entrails attached to red and blue cloth, and disemboweled corpses in uniform, bodies lying about in all attitudes, with skulls shattered, faces blown off, hips smashed, bones, flesh, and gay clothing all pounded together as if brayed in a mortar, extending for miles, not very thick in any one place, but recurring perpetually for weary hours, and then they cannot, with the most vivid imagination, come up to the sickening reality of that butchery. No nightmare could be so frightful. Several times I came on spots where there were two horses lying dead together in harness, killed by the same fragment. Several times I saw four, five and six men, four, five and six horses, all killed by the explosion of one projectile, and in one place there lay no less than eight French soldiers who must have been struck down by the bursting of a shell over a company, for they lay all round in a circle with their feet inwards, each shattered in the head or chest by a piece of shell and no other dead being within a hundred yards of them. A curious and to me unaccountable phenomenon was the blackness of most of the faces of the dead. Decomposition had not set in, for they were killed only the day before. Another circumstance which struck me was the expression of agony on many faces. Death by the bayonet is agonizing, and those who die by steel, open-eyed and open-mouthed, have an expression of pain on the features, with protruding tongue. A musket ball, which is at once vital, does not seem to cause much pain, and the features are composed and quiet, sometimes with a sweet smile on the lips. But the prevailing expression on the field of the faces which were not mutilated was one of terror and of agony unutterable. There must have been a hell of torture raging within that semicircle in which the earth was torn asunder from all sides with a real tempest of iron, hissing and screeching, and bursting into the heavy masses at the hands of an unseen enemy. I cannot imagine anything so trying to the bravest man as to meet death almost ingloriously in such a scene as that—nothing so maddening to soldiers as *to be annihilated without a chance of vengeance*—nothing so awful to the fugitive as to see his comrades blown to fragments all around him. It is well that wives and mothers and fond sisters were spared the sight of their beloved ones, and it is well that in France it is only mothers and sisters who will have to deplore the slain. Whether the Prussians buried their dead early—the night of the battle itself—or not I cannot tell, but their losses were almost nothing if they were to be estimated by the number of bodies on the field.

☞ Great tracts of pine wood are every year destroyed by fire in the south of France. M. Schrader, who has tried to discover the origin of these fires, has come to the conclusion that they are caused by the sun's heat setting fire to the vapor of turpentine which is contained in the trunk, and which is exposed to direct contact with the external heat by the holes bored for the extraction of turpentine.

☞ A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as soothing as the assurance of the man to his wife when she fell into the river: "You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."

☞ The German tongue is one of the most vigorous and figurative in the world, and its technical military language is not behind any other part in these qualities. The mitrailleur is called by them "organ cannon," evidently referring to organs of the barrel species; and also "bullet squirt," and the latter term is not used in either a derisive or a contemptuous sense.

☞ Captain Keeler, a prosperous resident of Detroit, Mich., has been coasting about the streets of that city recently, on board a steam corvette on wheels. The vessel is 35 feet long, 7 feet depth of hold, and 12 feet breadth of beam. After making the circuit of the principal thoroughfares, the old skipper headed his craft towards the river, and launched her in presence of the whole town.

☞ Mahommedanism, as told by the Koran, holds to the unity of the God-head, the immortality of the soul, predestination, a final judgment, and the enjoyments of a sensual paradise. Its chief hold that the doctrines so expressed were revealed to him by the arch-angel Gabriel, during a period of twenty-three years. The outward signs enjoined upon his followers are: circumcision, prayer, to which great import is given, the bestowal of alms, frequent ablution and fasting.

☞ Fully one-half the inventive genius of the world belongs to the United States. During one hundred years France and England have each granted about eighty thousand patents; but within the last forty years the United States alone has granted more than one hundred thousand.

☞ Dr. Lum Ling Wan is about to open shop in New York with Lee Sing as interpreter, and Ah Mok and Ah Sam as apothecaries.

☞ A French writer says that the arteries connecting the head with the body of a man are so numerous, that amputation of the neck can hardly be performed with any prospect of success! Astonishing!

☞ Linen can be glazed by adding a teaspoon of salt and one of finely scraped white soap, into a pint of starch. Boil the starch, after adding hot water, until of a proper thickness.

☞ The French papers say that the wild beasts have taken disgust at the scenes of horror to be witnessed in the neighborhood of their own homes. The Meuse notices the appearance in the Ardennes of bands of wolves and wild boars, which, it states, have been driven from the forests of Germany and Alsace by the guns of Worth and Saarbrucken. The Sport, of Paris, says that the wild boars and all sorts of game desert the forests of the east and fall back upon Belgium.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—3000 bbls at $4,75@5,25 for superfine; $5,50@6 for extra; $6,50@7 for Penna extra family; $6 75@7,25 for Ohio and Indiana family; 6@6,75 for Northwest family; and $7,50@8,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—250 bbls sold at $5,75.

GRAIN—71,000 bus sold at $1,35@1 42 for Indiana red; @1,30@1,38 for Delaware red; $1,25@1 40 for Penna red; $1,38@1,38 for Maryland red; $1,42@1,48 for Western amber; $1,25@1,30 for Iowa spring, and $1,50@1,60 ₱ bus for white. Rye—2500 bus sold at 86@90c ₱ bus. Corn—Sales of 60,000 bus at 92@93 for Western mixed; 94@91 for Western yellow; 86@91 for Penna yellow, and 95c@$1 for Delaware yellow. Oats—About 80,000 bus sold at 55@56c for white Penna and Western; 52@54c for mixed, and 50c for black.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $23, clear at $20, and extra prime at $14. Mess Beef is steady at $20,50@22 for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $27@28. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 21@22c; Excelsior hams at 24c; sides at 17@18½c, and shoulders at 14½@15c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 18½@19c; sides at 15c, and shoulders, in salt, at 13½@14c. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 12@17c; Penna stone packed at 20@24c, and Bradford county at 35@40c. Eggs—Sales at 27@28c. Cheese—sells at 13½@14½c ₱ lb.

COTTON—500 bales of middlings sold at 18½@19c ₱ lb for upland and 19½@20c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of No. 1 Quercitron $27 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark at $16@20 for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

FRUIT—Dried Apples; sales at 3½@3c ₱ lb. Green Apples at $1,50@3,50 ₱ bbl.

HAY—Best Timothy Hay ₱ 100 lbs. $1,20@1, 5; mixed, $1,10@1,15; straw, 1,05@1,00.

IRON—Pig Iron attracts but little attention. 2000 tons of No 1 anthracite sold at $22. We quote No 2 at $20@21. Bar Iron sells at $55 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $23@24,50 ₱ ton.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 7500 head. The prices realized from 8½@9¼ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $35 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₱ lb. 3200 Hogs sold at from $12,50 to 13,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I purchased a Grover & Baker Machine some twelve years since, and it has never been out of order in any way, but has proved very serviceable in my family. I do not know how I could do without it."—*Mrs. John Denison, Winthrop, Con.*

We advise every woman who washes to get a Doty Washer and a Universal Wringer. Get them if you have to live on one meal a day. You have no idea of their excellence. They will save money, strength, and even your life.—*Philadelphia (Pa.) Christian Recorder.*

An Enemy in Your Mouth.

Do not put an enemy in your mouth, to steal away your teeth. Beware of destructive tooth washes, and tooth powders, many of which are base imitations of SOZODONT. Insure a life lease of sound teeth and fragrant breath, by adopting the fragrant Sozodont.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," handy about the house, mends everything.

The Argument of Facts.

With the consent of the parties concerned, the following facts are made public: On the 23d of October last, Levi M. Phillips, civil engineer, residing in Harlem, was suffering from an obstinate and severe bilious affection, accompanied by great bodily weakness and utter loss of appetite. In compliance with the wish of a friend, (Mr. J. S. Latrobe, of 49 Amity Place, New York,) Mr. Phillips commenced taking PLANTATION BITTERS. He had no faith, he said, but would make the experiment. We give the result, as related by Mr. P. himself, at 53 Park Place, on the 20th of November. "I met Latrobe the other day in a restaurant," said he, "and told him that the preparation saved my life. I say so now. I weigh fourteen pounds more than I did five weeks ago, am quite well, and as to eating—well, ask me to dinner and you'll see." Facts like these are worth a thousand assertions, and Mr. Phillips and his friend are at all times ready to indorse them.

"There is but one opinion in regard to SEA MOSS FARINE. All speak in its praise, and all like it. It is found to be a great favorite with all classes of our people, and will prove a great blessing to the poor. It is very cheap, and will go a long way."—*Home Journal.*

Scratch! Scratch! Can't Sleep O' Nights.

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. } CURES ITCH, TETTER.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. } CURES SALT RHEUM.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. } CURES ITCHING PILES.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. } CURES BARBER'S ITCH.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. } ALL SKIN DISEASES.

No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Price 50 cent a box. Sent by mail for 60 cents, postage paid. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 320 North 8th st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. aug6-eowtf

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 135 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sept-1y

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York. oct1-tf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH
BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND
WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN
RESOLVENT HAS MADE
THE MOST
ASTONISHING CURES.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE
CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS
TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN
FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,
and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

A Torpid System.

Sometimes, without any assignable cause, the physical strength and animal spirits give way, and a strange torpor falls alike on the body and intellect. There is little or no pain perhaps, but the natural vigor and elasticity of the nervous and muscular system seems to have departed, and an indifference to the pleasures of life, and even of its grave responsibilities, takes the place of that earnest interest in both which characterizes every well-balanced mind when in a healthy condition. This state of partial collapse is often the premonitory symptoms of some serious malady. It indicates unmistakably that the vital powers are languishing and need a stimulant. In such cases the effect of a few doses of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is wonderfully beneficial. The great tonic wakes up the system from its drowse. The secretions and the circulation receive a new impetus. The relaxed nerves recover their elasticity under the operations of the specific, like the slackened strength of a musical instrument in the process of tuning.—Lethargy and debility are replaced by energy and vigor, the spirits rise, and life that almost seemed a burden while the season of depression lasted, becomes once more enjoyable. That such a radical change should be produced by a remedy entirely devoid of the powerful alkaloids and minerals so extensively used in modern practice, may seem incredible to those who pin their faith on the medicinal efficacy of active poisons, but if these skeptics will take the trouble to inquire of those who have tested the corrective and alterative virtues of the Bitters under the circumstances described, they will find the statement to be true. oct1-3t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. m21-6m

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Harp, Organ, Guitar and Melodeon, and desiring further information will please apply for Circular to the Principal of Music Vale Seminary, Music Vale Seminary, London Co., Conn. jy2-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, Sept 22, by the Rev. Dr. Moss, Editor of The National Baptist, Mr. WILLIAM R. REID to Miss EMILY PENNYPACKER, both of West Chester, Penna.

On the 8th of Aug., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. SAMUEL C. BUCHANAN to Miss ANNA E. FERRELL, both of this city.

On the 4th of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM T. LEECH, of Whitinsville, Mass., to Miss LOUISA J. HART, of this city.

On the 8th of Sept., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, JAMES BROWN, Esq., to Miss MAGGIE J. SPEER, both of this city.

On the 17th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. ALEXANDER GUNNING, of this city, to Miss ALICE A. COOPER, of Norristown.

On the 17th of Aug., by the Rev. John F. Chanlain, D. D., Mr. HENRY PATERSON to Miss SARAH WILSON, both of this city. [This Mr. Paterson is not the publisher of *The Post*.]

On the 10th of Sept., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. HUGH MCNEIL to Miss MARGARET LAIRD, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of Sept., THOMAS HOLMES, in his 49th year.

On the 19th of Sept., MARGARET, wife of the late Frederick Harvey, in her 83d year.

On the 19th of Sept., Mrs. MARY H. COOPER, in her 57th year.

On the 18th of Sept., Mrs. ELIZABETH RHEINDOLLER, in her 68th year.

On the 18th of Sept., Mrs. ELIZA NOBLE, in her 61st year.

On the 17th of Sept., WILLIAM JOHNSON, in his 71st year.

On the 17th of Sept., HANNAH MOORE, in her 32d year.

On the 16th of Sept., SARAH, wife of Saml. Fortin, aged 61 years.

On the 15th of Sept., ALEXANDER MOORHEAD, in his 70th year.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: Every **New** *Subscriber for Next Year, (all of* **1871**), *whose subscription is received during this month of September, shall be presented with the paper for* October (beginning October 8th), November *and* December **without Charge.**

N. B.—Subscribers too distant to respond to this before October 1, will be allowed extra time to send in their names.

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

We design commencing the admirable Novelet of

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

In THE POST of October 8th. And in order to stimulate all unfortunate persons who do not take THE POST to enrol themselves on its list, and become as wise and virtuous as those who are already its readers, we make the following

LIBERAL OFFER.

The names of all NEW subscribers for 1871, whose subscriptions reach us by the first of October next, shall be entered on our list at once, and their subscriptions commence with the paper of October 8th—the first of the new story. They will thus receive **THIRTEEN** papers IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871—or **FIFTEEN MONTHS** in all!

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50.	
2 copies,	$4 00
4 "	6.00
5 " (and one extra)	8.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16 00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4 00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our **NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING** for next year is a beautiful plate called "**The Sisters.**" It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, **G. F. Doo**—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, **Sir Thomas Lawrence.** It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect gem of art.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full* ($2.50) *subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!*

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of four or more NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers of the present year in addition—making 14 months in all!

ONE FOLD.

BY BERTHA SIDNEY CRANSTON.

And so the battle is nearly done
  And the shield will be laid away,
For the golden bronze of the evening sun
  Slants o'er the meadow gray.
'Tis a long, long strife to the end, sweet wife;
  The end, just a myrtle crown,
Two billows of green, with a cross between,
  Where we lay our burden down.

This way has been dark at times, and drear
  With the dropping of tears between,
When the steady close of your hand in mine
  Has been all that made it green;
But the sunlight broke, when your smile awoke,
  And the valleys of rest were sweet,
When the hills were past, and the path at last
  Grew soft to our aching feet.

One love, one home, one heaven before,
  One fold in heart and life,
And the old love still will last us through
  To the journey's end, sweet wife.
And reaching on, when this life is done,
  It will live, and thrive, and grow,
With a deathless flame and a deeper name,
  Than our mortal loves can know.

The wayside guides upon life's broad track,
  How oft have we read through tears!
We've traced the lesson with whitened lips,
  When we could not pray for fears!
Some lie so small, and some so tall,
  But all are green at last,
We hold them children, in our hearts,
  And keep them close and fast!

And some have heard life's sweetest tale,
  And some its saddest song;
We leave them all to Him whose love
  Can ne'er be blind or wrong!
While we turn back, look o'er the track,
  And a wave of greeting send,
The paths lie wide, and the way beside,
  But all lead to one end!

So, slowly, as for days or years,
  We journey on the way,
And in the West an amber light
  Proclaims a dying day.
And what, though life die out, sweet wife,
  And its signal fire burns low?
For a glory white, against the night,
  Like a watch-fire seems to glow!

Fat and Thin People.

[The following is a chapter from the advance sheets of Dr. Dio Lewis's "Talks About People's Stomachs," soon to be published:]

HOW FAT PEOPLE MAY GET THEMSELVES INTO SHIP-SHAPE.

Even in New England there are a great many uncomfortably fat people. I say even in New England, because it is supposed that Yankees are a gaunt, ghostly folk. But in an audience of five hundred, almost anywhere in New England, you may see a dozen uncomfortably fat people—waddling wheezy, anti-go-up-stairs sort of people. Down in Pennsylvania, in an audience of the same size, especially if you are in a country district, the proportion of fat ones is very large. Let me give you a case—a funny case. An immensely fat, panting, red-faced woman came to me with a fat word in her mouth, "obesity," and, standing before me, exclaimed:

"Doctor, just look at me! Ain't I a sight to behold? This is the torment of my life. I shouldn't weigh more than one hundred and thirty pounds, but I do weigh two hundred and twenty. Now just think of my carrying that extra ninety pounds whenever I move. What can be done for me? All summer long I pant and perspire, and wish myself in Greenland. When I walk the street, my sister says I look just like a Berkshire pig. When I go up stairs in a hurry, I just lose my breath altogether, and plump myself down into a chair, and gasp it back again. Now what can be done for me, Doctor?"

"Has your husband a horse?" [I already knew he had several.]

"Oh, yes; why you know he keeps a stable full."

"Do they ever get fat?"

"Oh, yes; you know my husband keeps fast horses. I hear about nothing else the year round, but '2.40, 2.31½,' and that 'they are too fat,' and that 'they are out of condition,' and all the rest of it; you know the phrases."

"When your husband's horses get too fat, can he reduce them?"

"Oh, yes; very easily."

"How does he do it?"

"Why, he reduces their food, and gives them more exercise."

"Madam, all I have to say is, 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

"What! starve? Why, I have tried that for months together. What I have eaten wouldn't keep a mosquito alive; and I have grown fatter and fatter all the time."

"Madam, you must excuse me, but what you are saying lacks accuracy. You eat and drink too much, or you would not be in this condition."

"Well, how little should I eat?"

"I cannot tell you that; but I can say that you should reduce the quantity which you are now eating, and you should live with very little drink. This will help you much.

"To be particular, let me say, go on with just such food as you like. If you are fond of meat, all the better; increase the proportion of that article a little. Masticate the food very thoroughly, so that you will not need much drink to swallow it. When you have a desire for drink, content yourself with a single mouthful. In a week or two you will be surprised to find how the wish for water has disappeared. If you can learn to get on with one tumblerful of water, or other drink per day, this fat, shaky condition will at once begin to disappear.

"But to speak of your food again, reduce the quantity you now eat one-quarter, and after, say two months, reduce another quarter. This reduction will probably be sufficient, if you rigidly observe what I have said about drinks.

"If, in addition to this, you exercise yourself into a profuse perspiration once or twice a day, you will be astonished to find how soon your clothes will be growing loose. Why, madam, there is not a fat person under fifty years of age in the country, who might not get himself or herself into comfortable proportions in less than half a year."

"Doctor, what do you think of Banting's system?"

"I think just this: If people have no control over their appetites, that system is a good thing, although sure to produce an abnormal condition of the tissues. We cannot use meat above a certain percentage in our food without deranging the general health. A feverish, hard pulse, and a certain condition of the stomach and liver which will show itself in a darkening of the complexion—these and other symptoms will show, when we eat more meat than we should, that the vital processes are not going on well; and besides, this expedient, which Banting advises, of living on meat is entirely unnecessary. It is infinitely better to keep up about the usual proportions of meat and vegetable food, and simply reduce the quantity."

"But, Doctor, if I go into this thing as you advise, it seems to me that I shall hardly be able to keep on my feet, I shall be so weak."

"Madam, you are entirely mistaken. Any person when too fat will only experience a sense of lightness and increasing strength, when making a judicious reduction in the amount of food and drink. He will breathe better, move quicker, and feel that a great load is being removed.

"For example, a man weighs, say two hundred and fifty pounds, and should weigh, to be active and healthy, one hundred and seventy-five pounds. This man is carrying about an extra seventy-five pounds, interfering with his respiration and activity; in other words, cutting short the two great conditions of health, viz, respiration and exercise. Yet that man goes on puffing and blowing until he dies, and dies prematurely, too, for excessive fat is inimical to longevity.

"Another word or two about drinks. All fat people are large drinkers, and when we remember that about three-fourths of the human body is water, (if you put a human body into an oven and make it perfectly dry, it will go down from one hundred and fifty pounds to about forty pounds) you see what an intimate relation with this fat condition the large use of drinks may have. And it is not difficult to learn to get on with but little water. Most people drink many times more than they really need. A man weighing two hundred and fifty, has sixty or seventy pounds more of water in his system than it needs. So he must drink but little water and he will soon get on comfortably, not only without suffering, but with improving health.

"Madam, before you leave, I want to say one other thing; you must not sleep too much. Long sleep fattens. Don't go to bed very early, but get up early in the morning. Seven hours in the twenty-four, or say six hours for awhile, will do for you. In other words, madam, my prescription for you is, *keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.*"

HOW SHALL THIN PEOPLE BECOME PLUMP.

But for one fat person there are, especially in New England, a dozen lean ones.

Here comes a young woman of twenty-five, who looks as though she were thirty-five, and the prematurely old look comes from this clinging of the skin to the bones. See how hollow her temples and cheeks are. Casting her eyes about the office to see that nobody overhears, she says:

"Doctor, what can be done for these dry bones? Why, I can hardly make a shadow; and while I ought to be plump at twenty, (which she desires me to understand is her age) here I am looking like an old grandmother. Can anything be done for these crow's-feet about my eyes, and these scrawny collar-bones?"

"Well, this is curious; a woman just the opposite condition has this moment left here. She is carrying ninety pounds too much flesh. That makes her miserable. I have prescribed for her, and if she follows the prescription, in six months she will lose her extra pounds. If you have no disease, but simply a lack of fat, I am sure I shall be able to prescribe for you, so that the desired twenty-five pounds or more will come in about the same length of time."

"I am perfectly well, and I am strong, too, only I am such a skeleton."

"Let me question you a little. What time do you go to bed?"

"Generally about eleven, or half-past eleven."

"This must be changed. Instead of going to bed at eleven, or half-past eleven, if you are really in earnest about getting a plump, youthful appearance, you must go to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock. With a fresh, plump, youthful *personnel*, a single hour in any company will gratify you and your friends more than a dozen nights with this fagged and old look. So go to bed at half-past eight or nine o'clock, and don't be in a hurry about getting up in the morning. On going to bed and on getting up in the morning, drink as much cold water as you can swallow. Soon you will learn to drink two tumblers; and some persons may learn to drink still more. Drink all that your stomach will bear. Spend a good deal of time in the open air, without hard exercise, but exposed to the sun and fresh air. If practicable, ride in a carriage some hours every day. Remain out enough to give you a good appetite, but don't work hard enough to produce excessive perspiration. Eat a great deal of oat-meal porridge, cracked wheat, graham mush, baked sweet apples, roasted and broiled beef, though the vegetable part is more fattening than the animal part. Lie down an hour in the middle of the day, just before you take your dinner, to rest, and, if possible, to take a little nap. Cultivate jolly people. "Laugh and grow fat" rests upon a sound physiological basis. A pleasant flow of the social spirit is a great promoter of digestion. There, now go home, keep your skin clean, sleep in a room where the sun shines, keep everything sweet, and clean, and fresh about your bed; sleep nine, if possible, ten hours in the twenty-four, eat as I have told you, cultivate the jolly spirit, and in six months you will be as plump as even your lover could wish you to be."

My prescription for the fat lady was, *keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.*

My prescription for you is, *keep your eyes shut and your mouth open.*"

A Queer Freak of Conscience.

A gentleman recently had a valuable horse troubled with lameness. Wishing for some rum with which to bathe the leg, he stepped into a well-known grog shop, not far from his stable, and called for some of the alcoholic liniment, stating the use he wished to make of it. The proprietor of the store knew the great value of the horse, and the importance of its being supplied with a pure article; so he hesitated about filling the order. "Well, I declare," said he, "*I declare, I do believe I haven't got any that is good enough!*" Wasn't this a queer freak of conscience? He had plenty that would do for human stomachs, but none quite good enough for a horse's leg!"

LOVE UP A TREE.

There was a seat in the apple tree,
  A most delightful and cosey nook;
And one afternoon, about half-past three,
  Kitty sat there reading a book;
Her fair head bare with no hat to mar,
  And her dress just showing one dainty boot;
And he saw her as he smoked his cigar,
  And he came and stood at the ladder's foot.

Kitty half blushed, and then smiled and said,
  "Won't you come up and sit here, now?"
And Kitty's brother, a boy to dread,
  Saw, and determined to raise a row;
So he crept softly under the tree,
  Listening to all they had to say,
Did the impish brother, and sly as could be,
  Seized the ladder and bore it away.

Then they saw him, and she, with a frown,
  Said, "What will that awful boy do next?"
And she called him the greatest scamp in town,
  Yet I don't believe she was very much vexed,
For her lips half smiled, though her eyes half cried,
  As she saw the position of matters now,
And he came over and sat by her side,
  Leaving his place on the opposite bough.

What could they do? They were captives there,
  Held as if by an iron band;
Kitty tossed back her golden hair,
  And reflectively leaned her head on her hand.
"If," said he, "we for help should call,
  They'd laugh to see us in such a plight,
So we'd best stay here till the shadows fall,
  Or till some one or other comes in sight."

And some one did come; it was Kitty's papa,
  Who past the tree his footsteps traced,
An saw through the leaves a lighted cigar,
  And a masculine arm around a feminine waist.
Kitty looked down and blushed at one,
  And then looked up and blushed at the other.
Said her father, "These are nice goings on!"
  Said she, "It was all the fault of my brother."

What was the end? I'll tell you that—
  Some months after, 'mid silks and lace,
And ribbons and ruches, some ladies sat,
  Who were discussing the time and place
As to when—so ran their debate—
  And where a certain wedding should be;
Then that impish brother was heard to state,
  "It had better come off in the apple tree."

An Air-Castle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY ZIG.

It is a fragment of the dream-life of a common-place woman. A quiet married woman with a sober face and dull eyes. She is her husband's housekeeper. She is her children's nurse. There are no scarlet geraniums in her window; there are no roses in her door-yard. Her children are chubby and flaxen-haired, and wear checked aprons. The dull eyes of this common-place woman do not brighten for joy when the gorgeous sunset clouds gleam above the dark, far-away mountains, and tint the waves with red-gold. Her soulless ear does not quiver with delight when sweet, wild notes of music throb on the silent air. It is nothing to her. Her husband is a healthy soul, light-hearted in the main, and has full many a merry jest with the neighbors who come in now and then of an evening. She does not smile. She does not understand. She is awkward and timid to the eyes of strangers, shy even of her neighbors, and a keeper at home.

She is a silent woman. When her husband and children speak to her, she answers in monosyllables, in a low, unmodulated voice. When they do not ask her questions, she does not speak. Her children are stout young animals, full of rude, wild spirits. They swarm about her with their noisy shouts and boisterous mirth. They do not startle her. She is not a nervous woman.

She has not strong feelings, they say. When the youngest of her chubby-faced children died, she scarcely shed a tear, nor moved a hair's breath from the dull, aimless quiet of her life. She never missed the chubby-faced child, they said. The friends of her youth die and are buried, bright-haired children are born into the world, fair maidens and young men are wedded around her—it is nothing, nothing. Nor grief nor joy can darken or brighten her sombre gray life. The world goes roaring by unheeded. It is nothing to her. The movements she makes are the movements of the hands of a clock, the life she leads is a wooden life.

She leaves her common-place, unbeautiful home at rare times if sickness and death shadow with their dark wings the homes of her neighbors. Not a woman of them all can soothe the weary sufferer as gently as she with her sober face and dull eyes. It is always the brown, quiet hands of this silent woman that fold the waxen fingers of the dead, and give the last touch to the white shroud. It is wonderful how handy she is in cases of sickness or death, they say.

She is useful to her husband, and makes him comfortable. She is a good woman, he tells people. But his niece and her young lady friends go with him when he rides or visits. The common-place wife does not feel neglected. She is not an imaginative woman.

Her rough, brown hands are busy all day long. Of mornings she labors at her homely household tasks; of afternoons sometimes she sits in a low rocking-chair by the window, and stitches coarse garments for the chubby-faced children. But she sings no song while she works. Yet she is not sad or melancholy, only silent. She never repines at her lot; never murmurs at the hard, homely tasks of her life. Poverty and riches are alike naught to her. She is a contented woman.

So the days of her life go by. But at night!—

The angel of sleep folds the weary world in darkness, and lays his gentle fingers upon the eyelids of the dwellers in the dull, quiet house. The husband sleeps—the common-place wife beside him dreams.

And this is what she sees:—

A beautiful, stately house in a green valley—a home beautiful with flowers and birds and trailing vines—beautiful with joy, light, and love. All day long the golden hours march cheerily by to the sound of singing birds and rippling waters. Brave pictures adorn the walls of the house, and shining marble forms of beauty gleam among the green trees. All things that are lovely and cheery upon the earth, brighten the beautiful home in the green valley.

The people who dwell there are happy as the angels. A noble, knightly man, with dark, lustrous eyes, and a face radiant with tenderness and truth, sits in an easy chair, and looks lovingly into the eyes of a fair woman who sits beside him, clasping his hand. To the eyes of that fair woman he is beautiful as Apollo, brave, strong, and gentle as a knight of the olden time.

And the man whom the common-place woman sees in her dream is not the husband who is sleeping beside her.

She sees yet more in her vision. She sees that the fair, queenly woman's hair is not drawn back and twisted in a dull, ungraceful knot, but ripples in bright waves about her head, and she wears a dainty robe of white and azure. No sordid cares mark the lovely face with disfiguring lines—no harsh, weary toil strains the exquisite nerves and stiffens the delicate fingers. Her blue eyes are not dull, tired eyes, but bright and shining with happiness. She is singing to the man beside her, a low, loving song, in a voice sweet and clear as a bird's—while he to whom she sings, listens well pleased, and draws the white, warm hand yet closer within his own.

And the fair lady whom the common-place woman sees in her dreams is herself, beautified, glorified by the magician Love.

The beautiful, stately house is not a silent house. The musical shouts and laughter of merry children waken glad echoes among the trees, and mingle with the bird songs. Two rosy child-angels, a bonny, bright boy with his mother's forehead and eyes, a fair little daughter with golden hair and dark eyes, bless and gladden the House Beautiful. Oh! they are happy, the father, mother, children of the vision, happy beyond the power of words to tell. Perfect love, perfect trust, perfect truth, dwell in their hearts and grow with the rolling years, making the earth beautiful as heaven. A silver-tongued bell chimes the hours of day and night only to tell that a new hour of joy is begun. If pain comes to them, or suffering, it can but touch them, and it is past; for they meet it with united hearts. And the brave man and the fair woman of the vision are bound together with a love which would lay down its life for the beloved one.

Alas! alas! Tears, darkness, despair! Darkness, despair, tears! The common-place woman turns her face away from the husband who is sleeping beside her, and wets her pillow with the tears which fall like rain, tears of chilling, terrible despair. There are pitiful mistakes in this world.

A nameless grave in an unknown land. The mouldering form of a grand, lion-hearted young hero, who fell by an assassin's hand, the blood stiffening in his clustering curls, the noble, knightly face scarred across with ghastly wounds. That is all there is left upon this earth of the common-place woman's dream, a rare, heavenly dream of what should have been, but was never, never, never more to be.

Sometimes when the gorgeous sunset clouds gleam above the dark, far away mountains, and the red golden rays of light tint the waves, something seems to shine among them which is a ray of comfort and hope to her. Sometimes as she bends her dull eyes over the coarse garment she stitches, the thought comes to her that maybe in another world the dear God will make that real which is here but the picture of a dream. Maybap in another life the enchanter's finger shall wake the music of that dumb soul.

What if the glorious dream-pictures which fill the fancy of those whose lives have no brightness here, are but glimpses of the real glory and the ineffable joy which shall be theirs on the other shore? There are poor hearts so lonely and sorrowful here below, that there is no brightness for them save the brightness reflected from their own unspoken fancies. What if the air-castles which the poor, troubled souls build in their dreams here, should be their real, actual homes in the hereafter?

I think I would give my life to know if it were so.

What if the loved, lost dead, those who are dearer to us than any among the living ever can be—what if they really do hover about us in our sleeping and waking dreams? What if these beloved friends, unseen, unknown by us, whisper in our ears the true promise of what shall be?

I do not know.

The Horrors of War.

The correspondent of the *London Times*, in his account of the recent battle of Forbach, gives this picture of the flight of the villagers. It may assuredly be read with profit in the families of those who dwell at home at ease:

"When we had reached the summit of the heights, and were actually out of immediate danger of the Prussian shot and shell—when, in fact, the poor people could think of something beyond the instant peril of life and limb—they seemed suddenly to realize the entire ruin which had fallen upon them; they also began to think of their families and friends who were all scattered, flying in desperation through the deep woods, where the darkness was deepening with the falling night. Such scenes of anguish and misery I never saw before, and hope never again to see. Mothers who had lost their children seeking for them with frantic cries and gesticulations—old tottering men and women stumbling feebly along, laden with some of their poor household gods, silent with the silent grief of age—little children, only half conscious of what all these things meant, tripping along, often leading some household pet, and seeking for some friendly hand to guide them—husbands supporting their wives, carrying their little ones (sometimes two or three) on their shoulders, and encouraging the little family group with brave and tender words—the woods ringing with shrieks and lamentations, with prayers to the Saviour and the Virgin. It is impossible to describe in language the sadness and the pathos of that most mournful exodus. If all the world could only catch a glimpse of such a scene, I will venture to say that war would become impossible; that fierce national pride, those Quixotic notions of honor, and the hot ambitions of kings and emperors and statesmen, would be forever curbed by the remembrance of all the pity and the desolation of the spectacle."

☞ The Athenæum says there is no foundation for the paragraph that is going the round of the papers to the effect that Mr. Tennyson is at work on a new poem. Mr. Tennyson's reported visit to the Rhine is also a fiction.

LADY FAIR.

Underneath the beach tree sitting,
With that everlasting knitting,
And the soft sun-shadows flitting
Through her wavy hair;
All my thoughts and plans confusing,
All my resolution losing,
Say, what matter's in your musing,
Lady fair!

Oh, the charm that in your face is
All the loves and all the graces!
To be clasped in your embraces
Monarch's guerdon were:
Not a man, I ween, who sees you,
But would give his life to please you,
Yet you say—that lovers tease you!
Lady fair!

One by one, to their undoing,
Fools in plenty come a-wooing,
Baffled still, but still pursuing,
Tangled in the snare:
In your ever-changing smile hid,
Or beneath your sleepy eyelid,
Many a heart it hath beguiled,
Lady fair!

While the summer breezes fan her
Gently with their leafy banner,
Venus' form and Dian's manner,
Doth my goddess wear:
Lives the man who can discover
Any secret spell to move her
To the wish of mortal lover,
Cold as fair?

But to see those dark eyes brighten,
And for me with kindness lighten,
While the cheek's rich color heighten,
What would I not dare?
To improve their scornful splendor
With the love-light soft and tender,
Bow the proud heart to surrender,
Lady fair!

By the loves that thou hast broken
By the words that I have spoken,
By the passion they betoken,
I have loved, I swear,
Only thee since I have seen thee:
And, if woman's heart be in thee,
I will die, but I will win thee,
Lady fair!

How I Went to Edit the "CASTLETOWN EAGLE."

CHAPTER I.

"Wanted an experienced editor of Liberal views to conduct a journal in the provinces."

Such was the announcement that struck my eyes as I glanced on the front page of a literary journal. I wanted an excuse for leaving London, and thought this post would just suit me. I had a small income independent of a remunerative connection with the reviews and periodicals, and if the situation should turn out to be a poor one in a monetary way, I could afford to put up with it for a short time. I called on the agent to whom the advertisement referred.

"Well, sir," he replied to my preliminary questions, "I doubt if the place will suit you; the salary offered is very small."

"I don't so much care for that at present. Where should I have to go to, and what is the name of the paper?"

"Here is a copy of it."

"Why, this is in Ireland!"

"Yes, sir; we have had many gentlemen calling here, who inquired no farther when they ascertained that fact."

"But how is it the proprietors are willing to employ an Englishman, as I presume they are, from your agency in the matter?"

"I can scarcely tell, sir. My correspondent on the subject is a lady, who writes as if she were the owner of the journal, and perhaps she is."

The *Castletown Eagle*—the name rather tickled my fancy, and I had no objection to go to Ireland. It would serve my purpose as well as any other quarter of the globe. The man seemed astonished at the alacrity with which I closed with the miserable terms on which the desk of the *Eagle* was offered.

"You can write," I said, as I was leaving, "to say you have secured an editor, and a cheap one. With reference to qualification, you can say whatever you like; but, on second thoughts, perhaps you had better simply state that you believe I am capable of doing the work."

"Very good, sir. I shall let you know when they are ready for you."

A week after this I had taken my seat in the "Wild Irishman" train, from Euston terminus, bound for the extreme south of the county of Cork. As I leaned back in the carriage, I felt a certain boyish delight at my escape from the London round of life, which was becoming more or less wearisome to me. On arriving at Holyhead I noticed three ladies on the platform, who seemed in a distracted state with their luggage. There was no gentleman with them apparently, and the porter was listening in a surly and uninterested manner to their nervous description of a missing box. I went forward, and inquired if I could be of any assistance. They thanked me, and explained that they had put the box into the carriage with them—where it was ultimately found, shoved far back under a seat, when the surly porter condescended to search for it. One of the ladies while directing the man had given me a shawl and cloak to hold, and when the little incident was over, I found myself following the party on board the steamer. They went down to the cabin, but I remained on deck, and was about to hand over my charges to the stewardess, when the owner of the shawl reappeared.

"Thank you," she said, smiling, as I offered to help her on with the cloak and to wrap her in the shawl; "I could not remain below, the morning is so fine."

"I think we are pretty sure of a calm passage,"

"I am glad of that, for my companions' sake. I am a good sailor myself."

"Are you not afraid of the chill—there is always a cold mist over the sea at this hour?"

"Oh, not the least afraid."

I remember with a queer distinctness how our conversation grew, but I doubt whether it would be as interesting to others as it was to me. In fact, before the sun rose—and a beautiful dawn it was, flushing over the far edge of the green waves—we had become strangely confidential. Perhaps I sought rather to say / had. The lady listened with interest enough to encourage me, and at last I told her what was bringing me to Ireland.

"I am to edit a paper for an old woman."

"Indeed! it was a strange notion of yours, this adventure. How odd it would turn out if she were a widow and you were to marry her! There is a subject for three volumes for you at once."

"I should be sorry to marry in Ireland. Irish ladies, I understand—"

A little nod of the head, half satirical and half coquettish, warned me off the blunder I was about to make.

"But I didn't think you were Irish."

"Yes, quite Irish; and very proud of the fact, I assure you."

I hastened at once to apologise for the tone in which I had spoken. She took my explanation in the best good-humor.

The bay of Dublin was now opening before us, and I can at this moment call to mind the loveliness of that summer morning; the deep emerald tinge of the sea, the Wicklow hills, like purple clouds in the distance, the heavy-eyed gulls floating curiously across, and sometimes getting tangled in the smoke and seeming to dissolve in it to the size of white butterflies. There were as yet very few people on deck; but the quay draws nigh, and one by one the passengers appear.

"I think I had better say good-bye to you now."

And she held out her hand to me with a sweet unconscious frankness.

"Good-bye. I trust we may come across each other again. Perhaps you would tell me your name?"

She smiled for a second, and then, with an expression full of fun, glanced from me to one of her boxes lying outside the great deck pyramid of luggage.

I understood her at once. We parted, and I carefully wrote down, "Miss Wentworth, Mountjoy-square, Dublin," the name and address inscribed on the trunk.

CHAPTER II.

Late the next night I arrived at the Castletown Arms, having performed the last twenty miles of the journey on a stage-coach. My first impressions of Castletown were similar to those to which Johnson gave such emphatic utterance when Boswell told him—"Sir, we are now in Scotland!" In the morning I found it impossible to procure a cold bath; but, instructed by a garrulous waiter, I found my way to a river which promised capital angling. On returning from a plunge and a swim, I went into a shop to purchase a copy of the *Castletown Eagle*, and I thought I could scarce do better than have a chat with the shopkeeper touching its local circulation and influence.

"Have I an *Aigle*, is it? Be ger I have, bad luck to thim for *Aigles*."

"I thought it was considered a very good paper."

"Ye don't know what they call it in Cork, thin?" replied the fellow, with that sort of indescribable grin which comes over an Irishman's face when he is enjoying the foretaste of a joke; "they calls the *Aigle* the *Goose*, and in my opinion they're right."

Notwithstanding my very limited association up to that period with the journal in question, I confess it was with no slight feeling of annoyance that I walked to breakfast after this account of it. While at the repast, I remembered that the first thing I had to do was to see the gentleman whom I was to succeed, and who I had stipulated was to remain in office at least a fortnight after my arrival.

"James, take in me cawrd," I heard a deep voice growl from the hall outside the coffee-room; and the waiter appeared, and handed me a piece of pasteboard on which was engraved, Mr. Joseph O'Brien, *Castletown Eagle*."

I rose to meet Mr. O'Brien, who was indeed the retiring editor of the *Eagle;* and as the door opened, a very tall, powerfully-built man, rather coarse and florid-looking, but with handsome features, dressed in sporting costume, and with a brace of red setters at his heel, stood before me.

"How d'ye do, sir? I'm glad to see you," said Mr. O'Brien, heartily, and with an honest ring in his voice that took my fancy at once, "I hope you had a pleasant voyage."

I told him I had, and asked him to join me at breakfast, which he did; and when it was over he began immediately, at my request, to give me a notion of the duties I was about to enter on. The *Eagle*, I learned, was the sole property of a Mrs. Brady, whose husband had started and conducted it many years before. The editorial functions to be discharged consisted in writing two leaders (I am afraid Mr. O'Brien called them "laders") in the week, and in controlling the movements of a solitary reporter, who "did" the petty sessions, meetings of boards of guardians, and such musical and dramatic criticism as arose out of the occasional visit of a travelling theatrical company, or a concert of Castletown amateurs.

"Mrs. Brady is mighty stiff and stuck up; ye'll see but little of her. We've both to dine there to-day, though, and you can judge for yourself."

The opinion I formed of Mr. O'Brien was, that he was a clever, idle fellow; and I could perceive that he was not in the least annoyed at having to surrender his post to me.

Mrs. Brady resided outside the town, which contained, I should think, about ten thousand people, and was a prosperous place enough, as such towns went. Her house was prettily situated, with a short lawn running down to the river. As we were walking up to the house, Mr. O'Brien (who wore a string of artificial flies round his hat) told me he had landed many a three and four-pound trout on the grass quite close to us.

Mrs. Brady was picking some flowers which were trained round a little pillar near the steps, and she turned round to greet us.

"You have had a long distance to come, Mr. Staunton. I trust we can make your stay with us agreeable."

Mrs. Brady spoke without a trace of the brogue. The dinner passed off pleasantly enough, and I found I could get on very well indeed with Mrs. Brady. During the course of the repast, Mr. O'Brien intimated that a boy was to bring him letters from the office in the evening, and "my rod too," the ex-editor continued.—"I thought you wouldn't mind me making a few casts in the garden;" this half-apologetically to Mrs. Brady.

"Not at all," answered our hostess graciously; "and I trust you will be fortunate."

In due course the boy came, with a rod and landing-net, and Mr. O'Brien disappeared.

"I wanted to have a chat with you, Mr. Staunton," said Mrs. Brady.

We walked together into the garden, and I learned all about the politics and supporters of the Eagle. I ventured to ask why Mr. O'Brien was to be deposed.

"I think I may tell you, Mr. Staunton, although the reason is rather of a private nature. I didn't want him to make love to my daughter."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes. She is at present on a visit to a relative of hers in Dublin. In fact, it was at her request I am obliged to remove our editor, with whom, in a business way, I have no particular fault to find. He was constantly addressing verses to Kate in his 'Poet's Corner.' When he became acquainted with my reasons, he took matters very quietly, and so good-humoredly, that we remain, as you perceive, on the friendliest terms."

"Then he does not depend for his income altogether on the Eagle?"

"No; he has a small farm a few miles from here, and I think is rather glad than otherwise at being released from a fixed occupation. But, Mr. Staunton, there is something I want to say to you, if I may."

"Certainly."

"Well, to tell the truth, I dread in your case a similar difficulty."

I confess I felt considerably vexed. What business had the old woman to suppose that I was going to fall in love with her daughter? Most likely an Irish country girl, with a milkmaid complexion and a few boarding-school graces.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Brady, that there is no danger of anything of the kind occurring; I am not a marrying man."

"I only wished to have your word on the subject; it would render our intercourse here less constrained, and I expect Kate home in three weeks."

The conversation then turned off from this topic; but I could not prevent myself from feeling very angry, and registering a silent vow that I would show both Mrs. Brady and her daughter that I had no desire for the honor of an alliance with the family.

CHAPTER III.

Nothing could equal Mr. O'Brien's courtesy and attention to me when I got the Eagle into hand. Our politics were rather parochial than European, but there were occasions in which we considered it essential to warn Prussia, or threaten France, or refer to our difficulties with Central Asia. Our parliamentary representative, who had promised to develope the mining resources of Castletown, had to be looked after; so had Mr. Disraeli, and a town commissioner, who was a tailor in private life, and who addressed letters to me signed an "Ouvrier." By the time I understood my business I was thoroughly disgusted with it, and yet it certainly amused me. I shall never forget a scene at a public dinner in the town-hall the first week of my arrival. The banquet was given in connection with an agricultural society, which had been started by a new English proprietor. Mr. O'Brien sat next to me during the banquet, which was of the most substantial description. He seemed most anxious that the dignity of the press should be duly asserted, although his mode of expressing his sentiments on the matter did not appear to me to be of the most impressive kind. For instance—as it happened more than once—if we required anything, Mr. O'Brien announced his wants in this fashion: "Waiter, a fork for the press! Potatoes for the press, waiter! Waiter, salt for the press!" and so on.

There was a stout farmer opposite to me, whose performances on the beef and mutton were simply wonderful. This gentleman appeared, however, infinitely perplexed and disturbed by the tunes of a German band, which was hired to play in the progress of the festival. If he had an ear for music I don't wonder at it, for I seldom heard anything more villainous; but I think his dislike arose from a less fanciful cause. He was, at the eighth repetition of a waltz, driven beyond endurance, and roared out "Stop!" in so commanding a tone, that every one looked round. There was a dead silence for a moment, and the hideous orchestra was struck dumb; a shout of laughter from the company, however, sent it on again in full swing. Some ladies came in to look at us and hear the speeches; when I took a note of their dowdinesses, I was more than ever tickled at the idea of being warned against the fascinations of a Castletown belle.

It was a fortnight after this (the winter was fast coming on and the river was loaded with brown leaves) that I spent an evening with Mrs. Brady; and, on the arrival of the post, she told me her daughter was returning the next day. "I have a bad cold, and perhaps you would meet Kate at the post-office for me," she said. Of course I assented, and accordingly found myself in due time waiting outside the inn at which the ramshackle "Lightning" was expected. I was a little early, and spent the spare minutes smoking and speculating with some interest on the kind of girl she might be with whom I was not to fall in love on any account. In a quarter of an hour I heard the old-fashioned guard's horn, and a minute afterwards I was opening the door for a young lady whose face and head were so enveloped in a warm cloak that I could not distinguish her features. I simply introduced myself by saying, "Miss Brady?" and, receiving a nod in reply, I handed my charge out, and then got her boxes off the roof. When this was done I turned round, and saw standing next to me my fair companion of the Holyhead steamboat. She was laughing heartily, and putting out her hand said,

"I hope the 'old woman' and you are getting on well, Mr. Staunton. You see I have waited all this while to surprise you."

I scarce knew what to say. The explanation of the mystery was simple enough. Instead of pointing to one of her own boxes to direct me to an address, she had shown me a trunk which did not belong to her at all.

"And then you know, when you told me what you were going to do, I knew all about it, and wanted to have some fun with you when I came home."

Upon reaching the house, I was still confused, and felt an odd feeling of regret and pleasure. Mrs. Brady kissed her daughter affectionately, and I took my leave. I passed over the little bridge leading into the town on the way to my lodgings. Without being much of a poet or a mooner, I have a constant hankering after scenery. I could not help lingering on the bridge of planks to look at the shining stream passing off into the dark under a curve of low hills, and I began to regret my promise to Mrs. Brady.

CHAPTER IV.

I hang up at the commencement of this chapter an announcement similar to the proclamations made touching the unities of melo-drama as to the flight of time. It was now November. Mrs. Brady was good enough to express the greatest satisfaction with my management of her Eagle; and, in truth, that bird was soaring high in the estimation of the subscribers, who had begun to increase in numbers. I had gone into whatever society there was in the place, but had dropped it on the shortest trial. I still kept Mr. O'Brien with me. I did so, because, as I did not seriously contemplate living for any length of time in Castletown, it would be as well that Mr. O'Brien should be prepared to take up the running, as, so far as I could see, time had removed the objection which Mrs. Brady had to him. I was heartily fond of snipe-shooting, and, with O'Brien's aid and companionship, I managed to pass—

There is no use in beating about the bush in this manner; I fell ignominiously over head and ears in love with Kate Brady. I have a suspicion that O'Brien knew my secret, and felt a grim satisfaction at my sufferings. I think he was waiting with a prophetic grin for the time when I should also break out in the "Poet's Corner" of the Eagle. But I remembered my resolution and pledge, and the rather insidious way in which it was drawn from me. Meanwhile Kate and I became the best of friends. I was accustomed, when the paper was out, to spend the next day on the moors, and in the evening went to Mrs. Brady, who always expressed herself happy to see me. Kate played charmingly, and I introduced her to my favorite Chopin. It was pleasant in the turf-glow to listen to the weird and intricate skeins of notes lit with poetry, like some one's brown hair with threads of gold. I sat as far away from the piano as I could; at least I generally did, except once, and then I couldn't help it. I remember it was during that delicious "Invitation" waltz. I sat in a chair by my darling's side, and, as she bowed her head over the notes, my face was very close to hers. There was only one thought in our minds, and we both knew it. We gazed fearlessly and long, until with an impulse I could no more help than I could help breathing, I touched her lips with mine. It was only for one instant. On went the ripple of the waltz as though nothing had happened; on it went, but the notes were freighted now, not with the mere fancies of the artist, but with the burden of our own hopes for the future. When the waltz was over, Kate went from the room. I did not see her again that evening, and I had to wake Mrs. Brady to wish her good-night.

CHAPTER V.

Next morning I called on Mrs. Brady. I was resolved, at least, to tell as straightforward a story as I could, and if she determined to keep me to my word, why, at the worst I should have to do so. She looked very grave when I met her. She heard me out with a cold politeness, and then asked me how soon I could complete my arrangements for leaving Castletown. There was a hard, cold, inexorable tone in her voice, and a contempt in it that stung me to the quick. I was ready to leave at once, but—

"You have broken your promise, Mr. Staunton; I permitted your visits here, trusting to it. The sooner we part the better. I think I can manage to reconcile my daughter to the loss she will sustain by your departure."

"Can I see her before I leave?"

"Certainly not." And the old lady opened the library door with a gesture that, taken with her white set face, was not encouraging to me.

I went down to the office of the Eagle, and without hesitation related the circumstances to Mr. O'Brien.

"Bedad, it's an ugly business," said that gentleman. "Does Kate like you?"

"She does," I answered, and was almost sorry for speaking so abruptly, the good fellow's face showed so much genuine sadness.

"Well, she's a sweet girl," he remarked after a pause. "Look here! when are you to leave?"

"To-morrow, if you will resume your old post."

"I'll do anything for you, my boy," said this thoroughly loyal-hearted Irishman, "anything for you—and Miss Kate," he added with a slight effort; "but I see nothing for it, except for you to run away with her."

"That won't do. I have deceived her mother already; I'll not take her daughter from her in a sneaking fashion now."

"Then let me think over it. I can always consider best with the gun under my arm; and I'm going out for a crack at the plovers now. In the evening I'll tell you my plans."

I spent the day packing up; and when that task was over, I walked through the little room, and down to my favorite lounge on the bridge, from which I could catch a glimpse of Mrs. Brady's house. How sick and miserable I felt!

I returned, and wrote a letter to Kate. I did not know whether it would be delivered to her or not; but it was a relief to me to write it. Just as Mr. O'Brien made his appearance with a well-filled bag, I had in reply a short note from Kate. She was as miserable as I was. I would not forget her, would I? And she would so like to see me once more, if possible, before I went. If Mr. O'Brien spoke to mamma something might be done. I handed the note to O'Brien. He read it without a word.

"It is rather cruel of Miss Kate to make me an ambassador in this cause," he said; "but I'll stand to you."

And off he started for Mrs. Brady's house at once.

I walked down to the bridge again. It was the time of the November sunset; but I was in no mood to sentimentalize over landscape. I watched the river with a half-vacant, half-stupid stare. I suddenly felt some one next to me. It was Kate.

"I would see you—before you—before you—you—"

"Dearest, I will write to you constantly, and I hope to have a home to offer you shortly. If your mother persists—"

"Why did you make such a silly promise to her?"

This was said with an air of melancholy coquettishness.

"Because I didn't know who you were."

We almost forgot for a while that we were to part. I walked with her to the gate of the house. Kate turned pale when we came in view of the modest mansion; and I was trembling all over. We halted on the steps of the entrance-porch. We could not, I believe, to save our lives have spoken a word at the moment. Both Kate's hands were in mine; and they seemed to cling and to linger there, as if they would never leave their resting place.

"Mrs. Brady's compliments, and will ye both come in?" calls aloud Mr. O'Brien from the garden."

The sentence was like the reading of a reprieve to a condemned criminal. We understood at once that Mr. O'Brien had been successful in his mission; and Kate turned round and gave him a hearty kiss.

"I pitched into your mother, Miss Kate," said the noble creature. "I told her the Angel might go to the divil if she acted harshly to you."

And so we went in to tea; and Mrs. Brady saluted me on the cheek, and silently ratified the negotiation that had been so fortunately conducted by Mr. O'Brien.

Reader, this is a very plain and a simple story, and I have little more to add to it. In a month Kate and I once more travelled together in a steamer, and took up our residence in town. We sometimes, however, run over to Ireland, where the Eagle still flourishes under the able editorship of our friend. I have never, as you may suspect, regretted my short connection with that influential journal; and I take a peculiar interest in still reading it; for Mr. O'Brien sends it to us regularly. Mrs. Brady has been entirely reconciled to me for my breach of promise, and occasionally condescends to visit us, without remaining longer than a well-regulated mother-in-law should.

The Banshee.

A STORY OF MODERN IRELAND.

On the west coast of Ireland, a large island, called Inismore, stands loftily from the water; a real sea-girt mountain range; wild lakes nestling in its hollows, and brown reaches of heathery hill, ending in abrupt cliffs, dropping nearly a thousand feet perpendicularly. At the foot of the cliffs the deep, deep water is always heaving and sinking to the Atlantic swell. On the south-eastern side the sea is calmer, and the shore shelves gently to the pier, from which the boats make their constant passage to the mainland, three miles distant.

The only house of any pretension on the island was rented, one year prior to the date of my story, by a Scotch family, consisting of two brothers and a sister, named Fergusson. They kept "the shop"—a store of heterogeneous articles: cotton and stuff dresses; indigo to dye the home-spun flannel; "white bread," the holiday luxury of the islanders; tobacco, tea, and whiskey. The sister, Jean, was a dark, stately woman, cold and unimpressible certainly, but the object of the devoted attachment of one of the men in the constabulary force, a countryman of her own, Sergeant M'Kay. He pressed his suit earnestly and persistently, but the brothers Fergusson opposed him to a violent degree. It might have been their opposition, as much as the tall, handsome person of her lover, that roused the phlegmatic nature of Jean into acceptance; but accept him she did, and met her brothers' bitter words with the same indifference with which she had formerly listened to M'Kay's courtship.

"Ye'll be wanting me to stay wi' ye," she said; "but the sairgent is as guid as maist folks, and winna flyte me as y've bin' doing. Ye think ye'll no' spare me fra' measuring the flour, and giving the coos their bit at nights; and mebbe, Robert, ye've na got me forty pound of siller to give as my ain share to me weddin' dower? Hech, weel! a body must o'en marry some time; so ye may as well pay it noo, as ony ither day."

And so M'Kay und Jean carried the day; the ring was bought, and the license procured.

It was a lovely summer morning as the wedding party left the island—John Fergusson, Jean, and their friends in two of the boats, while the sergeant and his men occupied the third. The little church on the mainland was crowded, for weddings are rare in the scantily-peopled districts of West Ireland, and all "the town" came to see Jeanie Fergusson married to the tall Scottish policeman. The elder brother was absent. He could not, or he would not, come; but if his dark face was missed, it was certainly not wanted, for all felt his absence a relief.

It is the custom in Western Ireland to fire a kind of *feu-de-joie* on such occasions out of every available musket and pistol; and a perfect fusillade welcomed the bridal party, as the boats touched the pier on the return to the island. It was but a few steps to the house, and Duncan M'Kay drew his wife's arm through his, wishing with all his heart that the clamor was over, and he and his Jeanie away in the cottage he had been so eagerly preparing. Something of this he said, as he stooped to look in her face just as they entered the gate. An instant more, and a nearer report than any yet fired rang through the air. A woman's sharp cry, a deep groan from Duncan, and forward on the very threshold the bridegroom fell.

Jeanie and those around her stood still in horror for one instant; the next, Robert Fergusson ran down the stairs, his face white, even to the very lips. "It was an accident—an accident; only an accident!" he thickly articulated.

They lifted him up, and carried him into a little chamber above, stumbling over the gun—Robert's gun—which had so suddenly dealt the fatal wound. They sent for the doctor and the clergyman, but it was useless; no mere mortal could help him now. The heavy duck-shot had pierced his temple. A few hours of unconsciousness, and all was over. The following week the same boat that had borne him to his marriage held the long black coffin; and in the aisle of the church they laid it down, on the very spot his feet had trodden so firmly beside his bride.

Robert Fergusson, of course, was in custody. He was tried for murder; but he declared he did not know the gun contained anything but powder. He had gone, he said, to his bed-room for his gun, hearing the shots which announced their return. He had thrown up the window, and pointed the gun straight through it. His finger was on the trigger, when the insecure fastening which sustained the window-case gave way, and it fell down, depressing the barrels so that the shot struck the bridegroom as he stood exactly beneath. Such was his tale. It might be the truth: there was no proof to the contrary. At any rate, Robert Fergusson was found guilty of manslaughter, but acquitted of the graver charge. The "slate house" on the island was shut up. The goods in the shop were sold, and the brothers, together with the bride-widow, left the country forever.

The following spring carpenters and masons were busy about the place. The counters were removed, partitions pulled down, glass doors put in, and a dining-room built. A carriage-sweep was planned, rustic bridges thrown over the mountain torrent in the adjoining glen, shrubs and trees were planted, and terraces were turfed. The owner of Inismore had determined to make a kind of shooting and bathing box there. Accordingly, by the summer it was filled by a riotous party of children, and elder ones quite as merry, if a little more quiet.

The sad tragedy was outwardly forgotten:

so terrible a thing was better left in silence. The sunny days were idled away, out on the rocks when the tide was low, or sailing on the sleepy sea, or getting up an impromptu riding party on the shaggy ponies. It was at this time that my brother and I received an invitation to join the party, and the prospect seemed so unusually fresh and charming that we accepted it with delight. The journey was long, and the railway only took us to a point thirty-eight miles distant from our destination, so that we were thoroughly tired as we stepped from the Irish car, with its tandem horses, on to the quay beside which the boat waited to convey us to the island.

How pleasant that life was! so wild and free—as unlike as possible to the seaside existence of those good people who go for a tame trip each autumn to Filey, Bournemouth, or Torquay. No one did anything that they had ever done before. Early risers lay in bed until eleven o'clock, while those who never could get up anywhere else astounded us by coming in glowing and fresh to the breakfast table.

It was announced one morning that there was to be a regatta-committee meeting, or a petty sessions, or a "something" which would occasion the absence for two nights of all the gentlemen. We ladies declared we had ottimacassars to finish, letters to write, and gardening to accomplish, which would make their being away the most convenient thing possible; and we laughed a little at our cosiness, as we drew down the blinds, and lit a fire that first night—that fire being certainly more for society than warmth. Woman-like, we talked and talked, and it was very late when the bed-room candles were lighted and the drawing-room deserted. My room was the one in which Duncan M'Kay had died. It was a little back chamber, and my hostess had assigned it to me with many apologies. "It is so small, my dear; you don't mind that? And of course you won't be afraid? The poor people say it is haunted. It was here that that poor fellow died. You know all about it? If you *are* afraid, you shall share Ellen's." But I was not afraid, and so, in the haunted room I had hitherto slept quietly and comfortably.

At this time I had the very bad habit of reading novels in my bed-room. This night my novel was unusually entertaining, and with my dressing-gown round my shoulders, my fingers lazily brushing out my hair, my eyes followed line after line of the book. I sat until long past midnight, my thoughts wrapped up in my story, when I was startled by a noise. A noise certainly, but a most indescribable one. Apparently coming from nowhere, it sighed and moaned through the room and died away. I started up. Was I dreaming? All was quiet. "Bah! I was half asleep: it was fancy, and I must go to bed." I coiled my hair round my head, pulled off my dressing-gown, and began to wind my watch. But I nearly let it fall to the ground. Again, quivering faintly, but most really, came the ghostly sound. I looked at my face in the glass: it was strangely white.

"This will never do. I'm actually shaking with fear. It is only some man taking advantage of our defenceless womanhood to frighten us."

This supposition was bad enough, but I thought it a blessed alternative to that other hideous idea which came rushing into my mind.

"Poor Duncan M'Kay—rubbish!"—and stepping across the landing to the top of the stairs, I called Leo the big Newfoundland, to see what *he* would think of this odd sound. He came lumbering up, and followed me into my room. But the rug before the dressing-table seemed to possess great attractions for him, and on it he curled himself comfortably to resume the nap my summons had interrupted. Leo's indifference made me yet more uneasy. Again and again the weird sighing sound came vibrating through the room.

I tried the servants this time, and called up two of them. They came wondering what I could possibly want at that hour. "Was I ill?" I purposely spun out my answer, for I wanted to see if they would hear the sound; if it was audible to other ears than mine; or if I alone was selected to be chilled and maddened by its hideousness. I had gone very far, you see; very far from clear calm sense; I was scared very deeply: I seemed to have realized a lifetime of thought in that half-hour.

I stood there, with my white face, replying and talking very much at random to the two maids, longing for the sound to come once more. I had not long to wait. I saw them start, and stare, and hold their breath; then down in a heap they fell, with a cry of "The Banshee, the Banshee! oh worra, worra, Miss Nesley, it is the tall policeman's spirit! It is for death!"

The noise they made in some measure recalled my common sense; but it was in vain I tried to pacify them. "Oh miss, call the mistress!" said Norah sobbing lously.

"Go, Norah, certainly, and call her," I said; but Norah had no intention of venturing one step by herself. Nor was it necessary to call any one, for the aurill shrieks of the servants had effectually roused the household, and six ladies in very hasty toilettes crowded into my little room.

Of course everybody talked; everybody asked what it was, where it was, why it was? and quite drowned the faint vibrating sound that had so alarmed me: quite drowned it, if it sounded at all just then, which we afterwards had reason to doubt.

"Be quiet," I implored, turning first to the maids and the fat housekeeper, who had joined us, and was adding vigorously to the cabal. "Be quiet, and you will know as much as I do, though *that* certainly is but little."

Quiet they all were, standing in puzzled expectation—the two maids still crouched on the floor. The housekeeper and the nurse stood just outside the door, their eyes starting from their sockets with fright; fright at what they didn't exactly know. Mrs. Cranston, enveloped in a huge scarlet and white shawl, looked doubtfully at me. Rose and Jessie Ross, two English girls, who had never had former experience of "ghosts" or "banshees," stood clinging to each other, their hair, so fashionably "fuzzy" by day, screwed up in a complicated machinery of wire and ribbon. They also looked doubtingly at me. Lady Katherine Kilmare looked contemptuously at all. A strong-minded woman was her ladyship, with a very satisfactory opinion of her own mental powers. The group was finished by Mrs. and Miss Forder, sister and niece of our hostess. The former lady kept squeezing her hands together, and repeating hurriedly and incessantly, "I wish James was here, Ellen: I wish your papa was here."

It is said the sublime verges on the ludicrous—I don't think we looked exactly sublime, yet my feelings had been very grave and I exceedingly deep; but as I looked round on the different positions, the varied countenances, to say nothing of the costumes of our nocturnal gathering, the absurdity of the whole so tickled my fancy that I flung myself into a chair in uncontrolable fits of laughter.

"I thought so," said Jessie Ross, triumphantly. "It is only a trick of Ethel's."

"And in excessively bad taste," broke in Lady Katherine's clear, measured tones. "Had we not better return to our rooms? Mrs. Cranston, I will bid you good-night."

This was certainly contrary to my intentions. To be left alone again with that moaning horror! My laughter was effectually quelled. I implored, I asserted, I coaxed, "Only stop, and wait, and be quiet; and indeed I will not laugh! Wait and listen;" and pushing an arm-chair forward for Lady Katherine, and getting a heap of cloaks for the benefit of the others, I settled them once more into quiet expectation. We waited and waited, my unruly laughter came up in my throat, and my mouth twitched with my efforts at self-control, when soft and vibrating and long drawn came the moaning, sighing sound that had before chilled me into terror.

Exclamations, suggestions burst from every lip; but, as usual, Lady Katherine's voice, in its low, measured tones, caught attention. "That noise came from underneath. *What* is underneath this room?"

She looked at Mrs. Cranston, but got no answer. Mrs. Cranston was trembling under her huge shawl, and her hand grasped mine tightly. It was the housekeeper who replied.

"The room under this is empty, my lady: it was a bake-house in the Fergussons' time, and has a door to its own self."

"Then we must search the bake-house; somebody must be there; some one has concocted a vile scheme to terrify us. They must be discovered and brought to justice—if there is such a thing as justice in this outlandish place!" added her ladyship, sotto voce.

It was easy to say a search must be made, but who would make it? I said I would go if some one would accompany me. I wanted to unravel the riddle. I felt I must know the cause of that hideous moan. Earthly or unearthly, I must find it: know it to be one or the other. To my surprise Jessie Ross said she would go with me. I asked one of the more sensible of the maids to come too—but at the mere suggestion she fled screaming down the passage to the nurseries, and locked herself in with the still sleeping children. Jessie and I prepared for our tour of investigation. I took a pistol; Jessie declared she couldn't use fire-arms. "Something to hit with, would be better—a kind of club." After a little search she lighted upon a telescope; a huge telescope drawn out to its fullest extent, which she pronounced the very thing. Certainly, it was by no means a weapon to be lightly encountered.

The night was so calm and beautful that we took a candle from the chimney-piece in our hands without needing a lantern to shield it. We went round the house: I marching first with my candle and pistol, Jessie bravely bringing up the rear with her telescope.

I pushed open the bakehouse door, and looked in hastily. No visible being, no visible thing was there; it was a small room, whitewashed and empty. We searched the stables, the wash-house, the garden—nothing alive or dead was to be seen that was out of place or unusual. We returned to the conclave up-stairs with our report. *They* had heard the sound three times during our absence. What was to be done?

"If James were only here," repeated Mrs. Forder, "he would be sure to know all about it."

"This flooring is made of wreck timber," I said; "perhaps it might be the wind through the knot holes or chunks."

"Yes," returned Lady Katherine, jealous of anyone making a suggestion but herself; "take up the carpet, and see if there are any holes."

The removal of the carpet discovered plenty of holes, indeed; but how could they cause the sound? There was no wind to whistle or moan through them; yet ever and anon the sound came, faint and mysterious, through the air, till even the bravest among us grew sick with dread.

"It is no use," said Mrs. Cranston. "Come to bed, everybody; and you, Ethel, go to Ellen's room; or will you come to mine?"

"No," I replied; "I cannot go off quietly to bed with this undiscovered mystery. I am going to try outside once more. Will you come, Jessie?"

Maria, the rough island girl who "helped in the kitchen," was pressed into the service, and with Leo, the big Newfoundland, we started out again. All was calm and silent as before. The bright moon shone down on the summer sea. The few thatched cottages by the shore were silent and dark. The lazy roll of the Atlantic, as it "pluffed' against the cliffs on Inis Head, was the only sound breaking on the stillness, except—Ah! *except what!* In a kind of desperation I flung open the bakehouse door, and the gust it made extinguished our candle. We were exactly beneath the window of my room; I called up for matches, and there we stood silently waiting during the short delay. My foot was on the threshold, when there! there! again the sound! I was in it—at it. We kept our ground, too awed, perhaps, to run away. But would those matches *never* come?

Down they came from the window above our heads. My shaking hands struck a light. Yes, I confess it, my hands were shaking, But there was no retreat now; the bakehouse should be searched inch by inch.

Up-stairs they soon heard a terrific clamor, Jessie's shrill shrieks, Maria's rough, loud voice shouting, mine raised to its fullest compass. "Oh, mercy, mercy! don't, don't kill them! oh, don't!" And sharp, short barkings from Leo. No wonder Lady Katherine double-locked the door; no wonder Mrs. Cranston's fortitude quite gave way!

And the solution of the mystery? It is true, plainly and simply true; but it sounds absurdly ridiculous; and even as I write I wonder how a thing so trivial, so laughable, could have caused the abject terror, the cruel suspense, that it did.

I lit the candle; Maria followed me closely. As I flashed the light over the bare white walls there was a faint rustle at my feet. I looked down, and saw—ducks!—ducks!—fully five and twenty, reposing comfortably behind the door. So close they lay, we had not seen them on our first search, and might easily have overlooked them even this time, had it not been for the delay about the matches, when we stood so silent and still that the horrid creatures, fancying they were left undisturbed, again went on with their curious noises. The nostrils of a duck are very near the point of its bill. Perhaps it is this which causes them to utter this weird sound occasionally in breathing. Perhaps—but no; I can't explain it ornithologically. I only know these particular ducks made this particular sound, and that it was this insignificant little fact which had actually frightened even Lady Katharine into forgetfulness of common sense.

Maria flung herself upon the birds. "Och, and ye'll all be in the pot to-morrow, ye varmints;" and she pitched them with no gentle hand through the door. They fluttered and flapped; and Leo considered that it was no more than his duty to assist in the scuffle by snapping at them as they were flung out. He killed one by a squeeze of his huge jaws. I generously tried to save the poor unlucky creatures, by vociferously calling on Maria to be more tender, while Jessie screamed, half with laughter, half with excitement. That humiliating denouement! Poor child! No wonder she was hysterical with the reaction.

We did not laugh much over our adventure that night; but when the clear daylight returned, and when our party of guardians and protectors came back to us, laugh we certainly did. Innumerable were the pleasantries and witticisms which we all had to endure—all but Lady Katherine. The dignity of her self-possession we dared not assail. She did not even like our night-vigil talked about. But even she could not forbear a smile, as we overheard Maria say to the timid Norah:

"I'm astonished at ye, Norah. Ye were trem'lin' like the bog forenenst the lake. *I* wasn't a bit afeard. *I knew ducks snored* ever since I was the size of a ha'penny herrin'. And I just bethought myself I never put the craturs in their own house at night at all, at all, and so they just dandered in there. Ach, but the quality's easy frighted! The likes o' *ducks!*"

"Well," responded the gentler Norah, "it looked to my mind as if ye were frightened as much as the rest. But Maria," and her voice grew low, "it might have been ducks, and it mebbe *was* ducks; but I'll not stay here. Next time it will be poor Sargent Duncan's ghost in real earnest; and I'm not the so'ger you be. Was the seven sinses clane gone out of me when I hired in this woeful house? Maria, be wise, ye girl, and come away too!"

☞ An old agricultural laborer in England tried a muscular method of evangelizing his family. Being remonstrated with by the pastor for not "bringing up" his boys as he should, he replied: "I dunno ow 'tis, sir; I order 'em down to pray, night and mornin', and when they won't go down I knocks 'em down—and yet they ain't good!"

☞ M. Bauer of Paris, has taken a patent for the manufacture of steel printing types. The inventor says that, with a single machine and steam to the extent of one nominal horse power, he can produce 35,000 types in twelve hours, and that, while the faces are far more perfect and more durable, the types themselves are cheaper than those in general use.

☞ The ladies at Newport and Watch Hill stay out in the air whenever there is a heavy fog, as it is said to bleach the complexion in a most miraculous manner.

☞ Donn Piatt tells of a Saratoga guest who was charged $15 for washing one of his wife's dresses, which only cost $28 at first.

☞ The city of Rome was occupied by the Italian troops on September 21st. No blood was shed. The Pope forbade any resistance. The Romans received the Italians with the greatest enthusiasm.

☞ BERLIN, Sept. 18.—A telegram from the King's headquarters, makes a great reduction in the number of prisoners secured by the capitulation of Sedan. It states that the total number of men actually captured was only 30,000, including 39 generals and 2,595 officers, 500 of whom were released on parole. The killed and wounded were 20,000.

☞ When Cobshott was presented with a handsome silver tankard, in recognition of his valuable services as Honorary Secretary to the Becclesham Bowling Club, his friends congratulated him on having something which could be "handed down." Cobshott, who is not always in the easiest pecuniary circumstances, made this brief but impressive reply—"Melted down, more likely."

☞ It is related, that as some friends of Campbell, the author of Hohenlinden, were leaving his room after a late supper, one of the number had the misfortune to fall down a long flight of stairs. The poet, alarmed by the noise, opened the door, and inquired, "What's that?" "'Tis *I, sir*, rolling rapidly," was the immediate reply of his fallen friend.

☞ A Baptist and Congregationalist minister were riding together one day, when there were strong manifestations of a coming shower. The former suggested to the latter, who was driving, that he had better quicken the speed of his horse. The Congregationalist replied: "Why, brother, are you afraid of water?" "Oh, no," said the Baptist, "I am not afraid of water; it's the sprinkling I wish to avoid."

☞ An average Egyptian can see nothing distinctly at a distance of more than 500 yards, and has no acuteness in detecting an object within as many feet. A recent traveller says that when the railway was constructed, the utmost difficulty was found in procuring men capable of seeing or recognizing the difference between signals only a hundred yards off. Many candidates came, but few passed the test. One man was nearly passed, but the engineer was not quite satisfied that the fellow had not been "making good shots" at the colors. So he held up his hat at 150 yards, and the hapless signalman pronounced it to be "the red flag."

☞ There was a refreshing directness in John's solution of a theological problem propounded by his wife. "John, do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" "Yes. Do you think we shall be bigger fools there than here?"

☞ REVENUE TAXES REDUCED.—An important annual reduction of the internal Revenue taxes takes effect after October 1st, 1870. The Act abolishes all internal revenue taxes after the 1st of October, except special taxes on fermented liquors, spirits, and tobacco, and taxes on sales of these articles, and those paid by stamps. The tax on incomes, including salaries, will be two and a-half per cent. on incomes over $2,000, instead of five per cent. on incomes over $1,000. After the date named, stamps will not be required for due bills less than $100, and none for promissory notes and receipts. The stamp tax on checks, drafts, &c., is still retained.

Guard Your Tongue.

We all know the story of the unlucky wight who asked an unknown at table "Who is that ugly woman opposite?" and received for answer, "That? oh! she is my wife." "No, no, not that lady, but the fat, vulgar woman in red near her," stammered the incautious critic. "That fat, vulgar woman in red is my mother," was the serene reply. This story is suspiciously compact and well rounded; but it is the kind of thing which is perpetually occurring where people are more impulsive than reserved, and give free utterance to their ideas in society—especially when they give free utterance to depreciatory ideas in a society of which they have taken neither the soundings nor the bearings. Much the same story really happened to one of our own friends, who had the happiness of possessing a very beautiful wife with a reputation for originality not wholly undeserved. He was dancing with a talkative little girl as yet unused to the careful discretions of society, and, as so many young people are, more inclined to find fault than to praise. In one of the pauses of the quadrille she said, with a pettish sniff and a disdainful toss of her curly head, "Look at that lady in the next quadrille. She is Mrs. A——; considered a beauty, and called clever. *I* don't see anything in her; I don't think her at all pretty. And what airs she gives herself! She is not half so nice as Miss B——; now! is she?" "Well, I am not the best judge perhaps," answered her partner, laughing; "for you see I am her husband, and therefore a little prejudiced in her favor." The poor little girl of voluble speech and scant discretion turned white and red by turns—"every color but the right one," as the saying goes; and if the gentleman had been cruel, which he was not, he would have been satisfied with his revenge in the distress and confusion of this young blunderer.

The old fairy tales of our childhood are full of lessons of caution in our dealings with the unknown. The powerful fairy who comes disguised as a beggar woman, and rewards the sisters with diamonds and pearls, or toads and snakes, according to their treatment of her and the words they speak; the mighty genius disguised for the moment as a bird, a fish, a fowl, who tries the metal of the passer by, with ban or blessing, help or hindrance, according to the humanity or inhumanity resulting—all these are fables which inculcate benevolence as the primary, but caution as the secondary, lesson; and the Scripture phrase of "entertaining angels unawares" is of that same pattern. Nothing indeed is more needful to inculcate on all persons than a habit of general politeness, and a temper of universal benevolence; nothing more dangerous than detraction, insolence, boasting, or lying in strange company. The story of Lord Camelford, with whom a snob of the day made free in the chop-house, is a case in point; *doubled* by a more modern anecdote of how a bagman, travelling first-class in Scotland with two gentlemen, delivered himself of sundry philippics concerning the character and conduct of a well-known lord of high degree, through whose estates they were passing. His companions followed his lead, insomuch as they gave him his head and let him talk; when, on stopping at a certain station, one of the gentlemen got out, and was received with every mark of respect. "Who is he?" asked the bagman, beginning to quake. "The Duke of ——," replied his companion, naming the nobleman against whom he had been inveighing. "Lord save us, you don't say so!" gasped the poor snob, sinking back into his compartment in a state of collapse; then, by degrees rousing himself, he sat up and said, "And to think he had been so affable to two such little snobs as you and I!" The person to whom he spoke was the Duke of Argyle.

Something of the same character was the *fiasco* made by a learned lawyer, fond of boasting in the first place, and of finding fault in the second, as giving him the air of a man who knew life, and was superior to his circumstances and companions. He was travelling with some friends, whom he was diverting with an account of the bad wines and bad service of the Speaker's private table. Indeed, he said, he never attended his dinners now, and he had told him so. "My dear fellow," he had said "your wines are horrible, your service no better than a greengrocer's; you must excuse me, I have too much self-respect to dine with you!" In the corner of the carriage sat a stranger with dangerously bright eyes and a pleasant little smile, who seemed to enjoy the anecdote immensely, though he did not join in the talk. Arrived at his station, he alighted, and was received, as our friend the bagman's snake had been received, "with every mark of respect." Evidently he was a personage. "Guard, guard!" cried the lawyer who had roasted the Speaker on his wines and dinner appointments, "who is that gentleman?" "The Honorable, the Speaker of the House of Commons," said the guard, mouthing the title unctuously; and the train rolled on. But ever from that day the lawyer with the fat head has been known among his friends by the name of The Speaker.

Now all these, though extreme instances, are sufficiently possible to anyone who has but a meagre share of discretion, to be lessons and warnings against rash, unknowing, or too boastful talking. It is sure to bring discredit and confusion on the head of the prater, if not to-day, then to-morrow; foolish words being of the same nature with evil ones and quicksees, and coming home to roost, as the Chinese say curses do.

Also one of the pitfalls of society is that habit of depreciation of common friends in which certain people indulge. Some go farther and broaden depreciation into scandal; but even less than this is one of the most unwise of a large class of conversational faults, and indubitably will lead to trouble in the end. If it does nothing worse, it weakens the trust of the person to whom you make those unpleasant remarks; for we must be besotted with vanity if we cannot transfer to ourselves the same bad principle which we see, or rather hear, applied to others. We see two people who appear to be on the best and most affectionate terms together. They kiss if they are women, they are frank and genial in their greetings if they are men; if you are sincere and of a simple nature yourself, you take it all in as a quite real and solid manifestation, and are content to trust to your own belief. To your pain and astonishment, you find it a mere show, without an ounce weight of substance in it. No sooner has the house door closed on the friend who, but a few minutes ago, seemed to be all that was dear to the heart and honored by the judgment of your "mutuality," than you are treated to a volume of sarcasms, of fault-finding, of small peckings and pickings at things which had either never struck you at all, or of which, if you had seen, you would have carefully concealed your knowledge from the world, and have interpreted them generously to yourself. But your "mutuality" is not so reticent; and in half an hour you have been shown the seamy side of every quality, and learnt the real meaning of every action which, until now, you had loved and believed in, and given your mutuality credit for believing and loving too. The first thought that must strike any one with common sense is, "After this comes my turn." So that, whatever else is accomplished in the way of weakening your trust in the person attacked, there is sure to be also the rider of weakened trust in the person attacking, and a general sense of hollowness and insincerity throughout. Besides, these things leak out even where least intended. They come round in time, and always with additions; and though you may be reticent for your own part, some one else is sure to be incautious, perhaps ill-natured as well, and the peckings and pickings are exaggerated into assaults far more damaging than they really were intended to be. There is no point of manner or social policy more to be insisted on than reserve in speaking of others. You ought to know your friend very well before you trust yourself to criticise; and even in the safety of your own family fault-finding is a dangerous habit to all concerned, and to be avoided as much as possible—and, with fault-finding, all that class of rudeness to strangers which springs from not knowing who they are, and therefore not feeling called on to be well-bred. For civilization is for the most part unfortunately only a matter of surface manner. We may do wrong by unkind speech and impolite bearing, but we cannot do wrong by the reverse; and, of two modes of action, it is the safer never to rely on the ignorance of anyone, and to take for granted that everybody knows everything about everybody else—that all our unkind words will be reported to their subject—and that every stranger is a duke at least, and to be treated with the courtesy and consideration with which we should treat his grace.

Boys, Read these Ten Points.

1. Honest; 2, Pure; 3, Intelligent; 4, Active; 5, Industrious; 6, Obedient; 7, Steady; 8, Obliging; 9, Polite; 10, Neat. Any boy who wishes to make a mark in the world should possess these ten points. Thousands of places are open for thousands of boys who can come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. Places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant. One boy within our knowledge is fond of smoking cigars and dressing too much. This costs more money than he can afford, but *somehow* he manages to do so. His employer is quietly watching him, and we shall expect soon to hear that he has been detected, and his place filled by some boy who is getting ready for it by observing No. 1. Other situations will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare show to their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see.

The impure thoughts gathered from these books will lead to vicious acts, the boys ruined; and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful doctors, skillful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into the vacancies in the front ranks. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy, is looking for you, if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities, will shine as plainly as a star at night. We have named ten points that go toward making up the character of a successful boy, so that they can be easily remembered. You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind—they will be worth more than diamond rings, and you will then never be ashamed to "show your hand."

THE ANCIENT RELIGIONS.

BY MAX MULLER.

The intention of religion, wherever we meet it, is always holy. However imperfect, however childish a religion may be, it always places the human soul in the presence of God; and however imperfect and however childish the conception of God may be, it always represents the highest ideal of perfection which the human soul, for the time being, can reach and grasp. Religion therefore places the human soul in the presence of its highest ideal, it lifts it above the level of ordinary goodness, and produces at least a yearning after a higher and better life—a life in the light of God. The exception that is given to these early manifestations of religious sentiment is no doubt frequently childish; it may be irreverent or even repulsive But has not every father to learn the lesson of a charitable interpretation in watching the first stammerings of religion in his children? Why, then, should people find it so difficult to learn the same lesson in the ancient history of the world, and to judge in the same spirit the religious utterances of the childhood of the human race? Who does not recollect the startling and seemingly irreverent questionings of children about God, and who does not know how perfectly guiltless the child's mind is of real irreverence? Such outbursts of infantine religion hardly bear repeating. I shall only mention one instance. I well recollect the dismay which was created by a child exclaiming, "Oh! I wish there was at least *one* room in the house where I could pray alone, and where God could not see me!" People who heard it were shocked; but to my mind, I confess, this childish exclamation sounded more wonderful than even the Psalm of David, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?"

☞ Red Cloud's new name for the locomotive is "coughing hoss."

☞ Mark Twain has executed a clever burlesque upon the war maps of the Tribune. It is entitled the "Fortifications of Paris," and exhibits the positions of St. Cloud, Vincennes, the Erie Canal, Jersey City, and Omaha. Accompanying it are "official commendations." General Grant says "it is the only map of the kind I ever saw." Bazaine says, "if I had had this map I would have got out of Metz without any trouble." J. Smith writes that it completely cured his wife of freckles, and Napoleon admits that "it is very nice large print."

☞ Metal buttons, the fashion writers say, are considered very stylish and pretty when used on dark merino dresses.

Secret of Pocket-Picking.

The Detroit Post tells a good story as follows:—

"A short time since, while our reporter was visiting a town in the interior, he made the acquaintance of a well-to-do farmer, who, after making some inquiries in regard to the growth and prosperity of Detroit, inquired if there were any pickpockets in the city. The reply was of course in the affirmative. The farmer laughed quietly a moment, and then said—I don't often tell my first experience in seeing the lions of your city, but I am not as sensitive over it now as I used to be, and I'll tell you about it. Some years before my father died, he went to New York city on business, and while there he bought himself a gold watch. He wore it as long as he lived, and when he died, a few years ago, it came to me. Of course I was strongly attached to the watch, and not a little proud of it, especially when I put it in my pocket upon the occasion of my first visit to Detroit. I haven't any doubt that I looked at it a hundred times a day, and you will not be at all surprised when I tell you that I had not been in the city two hours before it was missing, chain and all.

"I informed the clerk of the hotel where I was stopping of my loss, and as I did not remember of being jostled by any one, and could give no clue to the thief, he said there was no use in calling in an officer. He advised me to offer a large reward for the return of the watch, and add that no questions would be asked. I then put such an advertisement in the morning papers, and during the afternoon received a note informing me that if I would be at the corner of B and L streets that evening at seven o'clock with the reward ($100), my watch would be returned to me. The note also stated that I must come alone, and if during the day I made any attempt to inform an officer the writer would not meet me—that I would be watched all the time, and the only way that I could recover my watch was by doing precisely as I advertised.

"At seven o'clock I was at the spot indicated, and after waiting a few moments, a well-dressed man in passing me asked me the time of day. I replied that it was seven o'clock. At that he asked me to walk along with him a short distance, and as we walked, he inquired if I had brought the $100. I replied in the affirmative, when he handed me my watch, received the money, and was about to leave me, when I stopped him, and told him I would give him $10 more to tell me how he managed to pick my pocket.

"'Oh!' said he placing his finger on his lip, 'you promised to ask no questions, but I would show you, if it wasn't for that man standing over there on the corner. He is a detective officer and knows me;' and the man pointed across the street.

"I looked in the direction he had indicated, but could see no one that looked like an officer, though there were plenty of people standing in that locality. 'That tall fellow, with the stove-pipe hat, is the one I mean; but I must be off. Good-by.'

"The man hurried off, and I saw him disappear round a corner; then I again tried to see the 'tall fellow with the stove pipe hat,' but if he had been there he had disappeared, and I started for the hotel, happy in again possessing my father's last present to me. At this thought I put my hand upon my vest pocket, where I had placed the watch a moment before, and the next instant you could have knocked me down with a straw, for the pocket was empty. The thief had indeed complied with my request, and shown me 'how it was done.' I didn't advertise for it again, and I came home without telling the hotel clerk about that evening's experience."

A Tragic Incident.

Colonel Pemberton, in his last letter to the Pall Mall Gazette, gives the following incident:—"I was during one part of the action standing near some Hussars who were in reserve. The sun was pouring its rays upon us, and around us on every side lay the wounded. One poor fellow cried to them for water: 'Comrade, for God's sake give me water! one little drop. I am on fire, I am on fire! for God's sake, give me but one drop; only wet my lips!' and another near him could only hold his hands up in prayer and point to his lips. A good-natured hussar, touched by the appeal, got off his horse and ran to them with his water-bottle; he was in the act of raising the man's head, when a shell fell within a yard, and, bursting, blew the whole three to atoms. Whatever that poor hussar's faults in this world may have been, surely his last kind action must atone for them in some way. The regiment moved off, and his horse followed in the ranks."

☞ It seems that the famous Alexandrian library, instead of having been destroyed by the Saracens, was partly destroyed by fire during the siege of Alexandria by the Romans, and the balance (200 000 volumes) destroyed when the Temple of Serapis was demolished by the Christians of A. D. 389.

☞ As an instance of the perils which a resident in Paris just now entails upon some of our countrymen, it may be mentioned that the Rev. Dr. Ewer, of Christ Church, Fifth Avenue, was recently arrested as a Prussian spy and thrown into prison, where he was kept for two days, when he was liberated through the interference of the American Minister. The reverend gentleman, it seems, being something of an artist, was imprudent enough to be seen in the streets, pencil and sketch book in hand, making drawings of some of the public buildings. They thought he was making sketches of the fortifications for Prussian use.—*New York Correspondence Philadelphia Ledger.*

☞ Miss Dickens.—The lady, for we presume it is a lady who writes under this name, is, we are informed, no relation to the late Charles Dickens, who, "The Round Table" states, during his last visit to this country denied the rumor that she was his daughter.—*Publishers Circular.*

☞ Mr. Ebenezer L. Bennett, of Lee, N. H., is a remarkable man. He appears like a man of about 50 years of age, with all his faculties unimpaired, and yet he is 93; but he never lost a meal of victuals on account of sickness, nor took the advice of, nor a prescription from, any physician, in any case during his life; and yet he has used tobacco for about 62 years.

☞ It was reported in Williamsport, Pa., among the *elite*, that one of the upper ten was in the habit of beating his wife; and a committee of old ladies were deputed to wait upon her, and learn the facts from her own lips. They did so, and to their horror learned that he was in the habit of beating her, "but," remarked the lady, "it is at euchre!" The committee mizzled.

How France Began the War.

The following conversation is given in the *France en Orient*, as having taken place in the commission ordered to examine the plan of the declaration of war against Prussia, before it was submitted to the Chambers:—

M. De Kerstry.—"Marshal, are we ready?"

M. Lebœuf.—"Quite ready."

M. De Kerstry.—"Will you pledge your word of honor? Think what a crime it would be to plunge France into war, without having foreseen and provided for everything!"

M. Lebœuf.—"I give you my word of honor that we are completely ready."

M. De Cassagnac.—"One word more. What do you mean by these words—to be ready?"

M. Lebœuf (authoritatively.)—"I mean by them that if the war were to last a year, we should not have to buy a button of a gaiter."

There must have been great blundering or great rascality somewhere.

☞ Some days since on the Yuma Desert in Arizona, some thirty miles west of Los Palmas, the remains of a wrecked ship were discovered by travellers. The timbers of the bow and other parts are in a good state of preservation. The wreck was found in a place where there had been a saline lake.

☞ Mamma—How dare you slap your sister, George? George—She kicked me when my back was turned, and hurted me very much, I can tell you! Mamma—Where did she hurt you? George—Well, I can't exactly say where, because—because my back was turned, and I was looking another way.

☞ In the Third District of New Orleans resides an old gentleman named Bole Pardee, 86 years of age, who for more than thirty years has not had a tooth in his head. Some six weeks ago, however, his gums began to itch and swell, and very soon he began to cut some teeth. He has now a full mouth of young teeth, which are growing finely.

☞ By a singular coincidence, young George Washington's unwillingness to lie, and an old hen's readiness to lay, both have something to do with a little hatch it.

☞ A bootblack having taken a situation in a store to sweep out and run errands, was questioned by some former associates whether he felt as good as when in business for himself. "Well, 'tis hard to be bossed round," was the reply, "but I pay it off on the cash-man."

☞ A man who attended a race said he didn't see why the sportsmen should be so particular to a quarter of a second about the end of it, when they kept the public waiting half an hour for the beginning.

☞ The war is over in Europe—if not, where is it?

☞ An exchange suggests that the defender of Metz be enrolled among the nobility, as the Duke of Bomb-Bazine.

☞ As a train on the Wilmington and Delaware road reached Warsaw N. C., the other day, a Texas chap on board asked one of the settlers at the station, "What kind of a country have you around here?" "Oh!" was the response, "we have a mighty nice country; all we lack is water and good society." He was told that was equally true of another famous place.

☞ The right side of a drinking saloon—The outside.

☞ Edmond About tells this touching little incident: After the tremendous defeat at Worth he addressed to an officer on the march with a small body of troops the remark: "That is a very fine company." The sad reply was: "Monsieur, it is the battalion!"

☞ Alcohol does not play the part, or anything like the part, in the criminal statistics of France, or Germany, or Italy, that it plays in ours. Beer and light wines seem to be far safer than whiskey—fermented liquors than the distilled.

☞ Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, have just returned from a tour through Russia. Chang has been blessed with eleven children, Eng with nine. They reside in North Carolina, and their domestic arrangements are peculiar. They live in one mansion, built for two families, while their respective wives reside in separate houses, detached some twenty rods on either side. The wives do all the visiting, vibrating as will between headquarters and home. The twins are wonderfully harmonious, and have never felt a pang of jealousy. They are well-to-do in money-matters, and one cup of tea cheers both alike. Age, about fifty.

☞ When the excellent Mr. Joe Meek, the Oregon trapper, went to Washington as a Territorial messenger, his good looks and relationship to President Polk made him a great favorite with the ladies. While promenading one evening a lady inquired whether he had ever been married. "Yes," Joe said, "he had a wife and six children." "Oh, la!" continued his friend; "and isn't Mrs. Meek afraid of the Indians?" "Afraid of Indians!" replied the frontiersman; "I reckon not; why, she's an Indian herself!"

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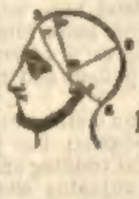

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WIT AND HUMOR.

"Fetch on the Rats."

A very good story is told of our German friend, Adam Bepler, who keeps a tavern in Alleghany. One rather gloomy evening recently, when Adam was in rather a gloomy humor (as he seldom is), a stranger presented himself about bedtime, and asked to stay all night.

"Certainly," said Adam, eyeing the rather seedy-looking stranger. "If you take breakfast, it will be youst one dollar."

"But I have no money," said the man. "I am dead broke, but if you will trust me—"

"Ah!" said Mr. Bepler, "I don't like that kind of customer. I could fill mine house every night mit dat kind, but dat won't help me run dis house."

"Well," said the stranger, after a pause, "have you got any rats here?"

"Yes," replied Adam, "you'd better believe we have. Why, the place is lousy mit dem."

"Well," rejoined the man, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you let me have lodging and breakfast, I'll kill all the rats to-morrow."

"Done," said Bepler, who had long been desperately annoyed by the number of old Norways that infested his premises.

So the stranger, a gaunt, sallow, melancholy-looking man, was shown to bed, and no doubt had a good sleep. After breakfast next morning, Mr. Bepler took occasion in a very gentle manner to remind his guest of the contract of the previous night.

"What! Kill your rats! Certainly," said the melancholy stranger. "Where are they the thickest?"

"Day are putty dick in de barnyard," answered Adam.

"Well, let's go out there," said the stranger. "But stop! Have you got a piece of hoop-iron?"

A piece about fifteen feet long was brought to the stranger, who examined it carefully from one end to the other. Expressing himself entirely satisfied, at length, with its length and strength, he proceeded to the barn, accompanied by Mr. Bepler and quite a party of idlers, who were anxious to see in what manner the great rat-killer was going to work. Arriving there, the stranger looked around a little, then placed his back firmly against the barn-door, and raised his weapon.

"Now," said he to Adam, "I am ready. *Fetch on your rats!*"

How this scene terminated we are not precisely informed. It is said that, although no rats answered the appeal of the stranger, Mr. Bepler began to smell one pretty strongly at this juncture, and became very angry. One thing is certain, and that is that the new boarder was not at Adam's table for dinner, nor for any subsequent meal. He had suddenly resolved to depart, probably to pursue his avocation of rat-killing in other quarters.

Having a Perfect Understanding.

An English lady, residing at Coblentz, one day wishing to order of her German servant (who did not understand English) a boiled fowl for dinner, Grettel was summoned, and the experiment began. It was one of the lady's fancies, that the less her words resembled her native tongue, the more they must be like German. So her first attempt was to tell the maid that she wanted a chocking or kocking. The maid opened her eyes and mouth, and shook her head.

"It's to cook," said the mistress, "to cook, to put in an iron thing, in a pit, pat, pot."

"Ish understand nicht," said the maid, in her Coblentz patois.

"It's a ting to eat," said her mistress, "for dinner, deener, with sauce, souce, zowose. What on earth am I to do?" exclaimed the lady, in despair—but still made another attempt; "It's a little creature—a bird—a bard—a beast—a hen—a hone—a fowl—a fool; it's all covered with feathers—fathers—feaders!"

"Ha, ha!" cried the delighted German, at last getting hold of a catchword, "ja, ja! fedders—ja wohl!" and away went Grettel, and in half-an-hour returned, triumphantly, with a bundle of stationer's quills.

"Artemus Ward" as a Lucid Conversationalist.

In the "Genial Showman," the last biography of "Artemus Ward," is given a serio-comic conversation, in which "Artemus" puzzled a female teacher in a steamboat cabin. We quote:

"Pardon me, madam, but do you think that glorious sunlight in Greece is constitutional—that is to say, if early be the dream of youth—whenever they are so—and you know, I presume, that George Washington, when young, never told a lie—that is Greece—in the blue skies, I mean. You understand me of course?"

"Do I understand you to say that George Washington went to Greece in his early youth?" she asked. "I scarcely think that I perfectly understand you."

"I was about to remark," said he, "that so far as Greece was concerned he was more so."

"More so of what?" replied the lady, still more perplexed.

"More so with regard to it viewed morally. Because the Ægean is a sea—a blue sea, which might, if not under those circumstances—very truthfully though; but before breakfast—always before morning meal. You agree with me, I hope?" And Artemus smiled, and bowed politely.

ANECDOTE OF THE ROAD.—A lawyer riding through a town, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him he must keep right straight on for some time, and then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he would wait a few minutes she would show him the way. "Well," said he, "bad company is better than none—make haste." After jogging on five or six mile, the gentleman asked if he had not come to the road he must take. "Oh, yes," said she, "we passed it two or three miles back—but I thought that bad company was better than none, so I kept you along with me."

CURE FOR THE BLUES.—A bachelor in New York city had the blues, and applied to a doctor for some medicine. The doctor inquired into his case, and wrote a prescription in Latin, which the bachelor took to a drug store. Translated, the prescription read, "Seventeen yards of silk, with a woman in it." Having paid for his prescription, the fellow thought he must obey, and proposed to a lady that evening, and was married in two weeks.

PROFITABLE CONUNDRUM.

YOUNG HOPEFUL (to papa, who is sending off his Beloved Belongings to the sea-side.) "Look here, 'pa." (Holding up a five-cent piece.),

PATERFAMILIAS.—"What now?"

YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"What cobbler's implement does this represent, 'pa?"

PATERFAMILIAS (impatiently.) "Asking riddles *now?*" (Perceiving, and forking out.) "Oh, that's your *all*, is it? There! Now will you please to be off!"

NOT COMPLIMENTARY.—A waggish journalist who is often merry over his personal plainness, tells this story of himself: I went to a chemist the other day for some morphine for a sick friend. The assistant objected to giving it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing that I intended to commit suicide. "Pshaw!" said I, "do I look like a man that would kill himself?" Gazing steadily at me a moment, he replied, "I don't know. It seems to me if I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to get rid of myself."

LAST WORDS.

Fold me in thine arms, my dearest;
Fold me closely to thy breast;
Let thy heart to mine be nearest
When I take my last earth's rest.

Let thy kisses linger longest,
And thy hand clasp closest mine;
Rememb'ring that my deepest, strongest
Heart's love, dear, was ever thine.

Let me die, mine eyes bestowing
Their last ling'ring gaze on thee;
So I leave thee, dearest, knowing
Our love will reach eternity.

The Honey-Moon.

Few will admit that they need any advice in the honey-moon; fewer still will take it. Most young persons think, "Well, it is hard if we may not be left to ourselves at such a season!" And yet, perhaps, if we took the experience of the many on this subject, they would admit that the honey-moon has been the time of all others when they have been least able to help themselves.

Is it too much to say that during those two months the happiness or the misery of two young lives is very nearly settled? Well, perhaps that is too much to say, for errors and misconceptions may be lived down, and habits may be formed or broken after the honey-moon, in the course of years. But still much is often decided, we will not say in the first few months, but even in the first few days. Little things are decided in little ways, and neither understands that "it is the little rift within the lover's lute" that has begun to show even on the first day.

Patience, patience on both sides are needed—but especially on the man's side, for he is the stronger vessel, and knows life. At the bottom of her heart his young wife wants to please him; but she cannot bear him out of her sight—he must account for every moment. His ways are incomprehensible. Why does he want to go out for ten minutes after dinner for a stroll? Why does he prefer spending an hour or two downstairs with an old friend at night to going up into the drawing-room? Why does he want to see the papers at the club, instead of going out after a hard day in the city for a little afternoon shopping? Man is a mystery to many a young girl for the first few months after marriage. She has not learned that man's interests are and must be various. How should she suppose that a husband had any other desires than to make money and dance attendance upon his wife? She has never cared for anything but love and bonnets. She cannot understand that dress, and even matrimony, are only episodes in a man's life, although they compose the sum total of many a woman's.

We hear a good deal about incompatibility of temper—we believe very little in it. The sexes are almost indefinitely plastic. People quarrel more from errors of judgment than from any other cause. You can live with anybody if you understand him, and you can manage anybody if you know him, *providing* you mean well, have a decent heart, and are willing to be patient and to make some sacrifices for love.

Newly married women are, no doubt, very trying sometimes to their husbands; but it is the fault more of their social training and the want of education than anything else. Men should remember how much a girl has to learn, and how much, alas! most men have to unlearn, when they first begin the married life. We venture to say that if all newly married couples were to make a contract not to quarrel for six months, they would seldom have any serious quarrels in after-life.

You can get into the habit of living peaceably and happily, and that habit is quite as difficult to break as any habit we know of. Let there be no long pouting; let there be no long, careless, indifferent fits. When a girl sulks, *noblesse oblige*, throw that nasty cigar away! now, Sir, go up and kiss her; if she still sulks, kiss her again—she won't be able to hold out long against that mode of attack, and five minutes after she will let you have your smoke, or go down to the club, or anything else.

If little storms arise—and they will arise—let them be brief. Don't let us sleep over it, and wake up the next morning and cudgel our brains to remember who *nagged* last. This kind of thing is mean, it is ungenerous, and it is silly. But if there is a difference, let Annabel and Ralph both speak their minds; and let Annabel have a good cry, if that is her method of winding up, and then a good hug; and let Ralph see that it be all made up before dinner, or before bedtime, or we cannot be responsible for the consequences.

TALKING TOO LITTLE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Solomon said some rather bitter things about the tongue, and in one sense it is doubtless true that there is by far too much talking in the world. But in another there is not half enough. It depends upon what meaning your own private dictionary attaches to the word. Many a man never talks with his wife or his child. Many a woman is dumb as far as her husband and sons are concerned. I wonder if it occurs to you at this moment, my dear Mr. Sternlips, that you never talked with Mrs. S.—in your life? —You have talked *to* her, perhaps. You have told her when she did not please you; you have found fault with the bread and the butter and the coffee; your words have been ready enough when the bills came in; and when you happened to feel in good humor you have, it is quite probable, given her an item of news now and then, or told her how much you hoped to get for the roan colt. But you have never given her an hour of good, fresh, breezy talk, such as would arouse and stimulate her, since she became your wife more than twenty years ago. You know nothing of her thoughts; she knows nothing of yours. You are as utterly strangers as if she dwelt upon one continent and you upon another.

It is just as much her fault as yours, you say? Perhaps it is. But you did not begin right. You never treated your wife as your equal intellectually. You never made her your friend; you never went to her with your thoughts, your hopes, your plans, your ambitions. You petted her even to excess when you were first married, surfeiting both yourself and her with comfits. Then when the sweets cloyed, as they inevitably will if taken unmixed, you slowly drew away from her. You went your way and she went hers. You have never talked as friend to friend, unveiling heart and soul in the unreserved communion of congenial spirits—a communion that is the dearest joy that earth can give.

There is a great mistake somewhere. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters are too silent towards each other. They do not take sufficient pains to become acquainted. It by no means follows that because people dwell under the same roof and sit in the same pew at church, they know each other. Often they are the veriest strangers. In their daily intercourse they never get below the surface. Their conversation with each other is of the mere trifles of the outward life. They see the husks, but have no conception of the kernel within that God has made so rich and sweet.

Perseverance.

Many years ago we enjoyed a hearing of the great tragedian, Macready, in Richelieu, and can never forget the powerful impression then made on our youthful mind by the response of the Cardinal to the suggestion of Francis: "But if I fail?"

We never hear this word without recurring to the reply:

"Fail!
In the lexicon of youth, which Fate reserves to a bright manhood,
There is no such word as Fail."

The query of Francis: "But if I fail?" is the key to most of the disappointments we daily see attending the efforts of men. It is the evil soil of timidity or indecision. To resolve is to half win; to hesitate is to lose the battle. So, in every transaction in life, irresolution destroys many well-arranged plans.

There is much in our present surroundings to discourage our young men, but in aiding to develop the magnificent resources of this great country, a field of labor presents itself worthy of their noblest efforts.

We then say, settle on some definite purpose, cast aside all fear, all doubt, and perseveringly keep right on until the end is obtained.—*Old Dominion.*

☞ Near Barfield Point, Arkansas, excavations have been recently made into an Indian mound about twenty-five feet high, and about an acre in area at the top. The result has been the discovery of human skeletons eight and ten feet in height. Surely there "were giants in those days"—long gone by.

AGRICULTURAL.

On Breeding from Sound and Healthy Animals.

Recently I have noticed several articles relating to the raising of sound and unsound horses. If there is one thing more than any other that farmers should be better informed about, it is this very subject. Soundness, it appears to me, should be the quality first and most thought of, when we attempt to raise a horse, but is it not the last thing thought of by nine-tenths of those who raise colts and horses? Look about and see what a mass of unsound horses you will find. I have recently conversed with a goodly number of blacksmiths who shoe many horses, and I believe that not more than one horse in *ten* that they shoe is completely sound. Now what is the cause of all this unsoundness? It is mostly constitutional, transmitted like any other quality. It is well known to every careful observer that ringbone in all its various forms, most all diseases of the feet, including founder, bone-spavin, heaves, thick wind and many other diseases that might be named, are hereditary. Many persons do not consider that a *bad* quality is as sure to be transmitted as a good one. It is also true that a stallion will transmit the qualities of his dam quite as often as he will the qualities of his sire. A stallion may look to be sound and smooth, but if he was from a mare possessing any of the diseases above mentioned, it will surely break out in his offspring. What a risk then is it to breed from horses about whose pedigree nothing whatever is known! How many, when about to raise a colt, ever inform themselves about the pedigree of the parents of their future horses, whether it be sound or unsound, provided the service of some runabout stallion can be had for a few dollars, or a colt can be raised from a mare that is worthless for business. Is that the way we do when we plant and sow our fields? Do we use seed of such inferior quality, and so full of weeds that it is nearly worthless for anything else, or is it better economy to use the best and soundest?—*W. B. F., in Maine Farmer.*

Preservation of Sweet-Potatoes.

It is very desirable to have the sweet-potato crop mature as early in the fall as possible, as they are better and more apt to keep well. To fit them for preservation they must be lifted before the weather indicates a degree of cold sufficient to freeze the ground, or in this latitude, before the 15th of October. Those intended for winter storage should be gathered before any frost wilts the vines, or about the last of September or first of October, put up in barrels or shallow boxes, and placed in a dry, warm situation. When placed in barrels in the open field, and carefully handled, they will be more readily preserved during winter, other circumstances being favorable—slight bruising from rough carriage proving injurious to them if designed for winter use. When large quantities are reserved for spring sales, houses are erected expressly for their protection. These are generally two stories high, built of wood, and so arranged that the potatoes may be stored therein in boxes about two feet deep, placed in tiers, with space of a few inches between for ventilation, and extending from side to side of the house to within a foot of the weather-boarding. The boxes are framed together at the ends with keys, to be taken apart when not in use. The source of heat is a fire in the cellar, from which the warmth is caused to circulate equally and freely throughout the building. Thus arranged and carefully tended, maintaining a nearly uniform moderate heat, sweet-potatoes may be preserved until late in the following spring. No chaff, shavings or other material is needed; careful packing and handling and uniform moderate heat or kept in an even temperature and not too low—say from 55 to 65 degrees—being the only requisites for the attainment of perfect success in the preservation, for the entire season, of this admirable root.—*Market Gardener in Germantown Telegraph.*

Influence of Climate on Wool Growth.

The climate exerts a great influence on the growth of wool, and if it has to be produced of good and even quality, this agency must be considered. It has been already mentioned that the pores of the skin act as a sort of gauge for the wool, and it is therefore perfectly clear that if sheep are so much exposed to cold and wet to allow the skin to become chilled, the size of the wool must be reduced thereby; the extent of the damage is, consequently, regulated by the intensity of the cold. For this reason, shelter from the full force of the cold winds is found to improve the staple of the wool, and prevent, in some degree, this inequality in the size of the fiber. Injury arising from the wet shows itself more generally by giving the wool more the character of hair, and thereby injuring its felting properties. The excessive heat of summer has just the opposite influence. The warmth of the skin being considerably increased, the pores become more open, and a coarser wool is produced. The injury thus occasioned is far from being as important as that arising from cold and wet; but still, if we desire to produce wool under the most favorable circumstances, we must give shelter from extreme heat as well as from excessive cold.—*Mark Lane Express.*

Gentle Utterance.

When a boy of fourteen, following a plough, drawn by oxen, our father said the first day of work, "Let us see who can talk the lowest to Buck and Bright; it isn't the sound that makes the team go, but the understanding that springs up between driver and team." The thing was new to our ears. We had always heard the "Woa haw, Buck," or the "Woa haw, Bright," given in tones of bawling only, and had grown to the belief that bawling was the only way of driving. But a little experience in the low keys showed that an ox, as dumb and slow as some call him, had not only a show of intellect, but also of the proprieties of his position. Buck and Bright answer as well to a few words quietly spoken as to the many vociferated.

TO CURE A BAULKY HORSE.—A Maine man gives his method of treating baulky horses, as follows: "Let me inform the human man and hostlers, and all those who hold the rein, that the way to cure baulky horses is to take them from the carriage and to whirl them round rapidly till they are giddy. It requires two men to accomplish this, one at the horse's tail. Don't let him step out. Hold him to the smallest possible circle. One dose will often cure him; two doses are final with the worst horse that ever refused to stir."—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 63 letters.
My 37, 34, 4, 58, 23, 17, 6, is the name of a popular novel.
My 7, 12, 36, 60, 32, 9, 14, is a poet.
My 15, 17, 33, 3, 23, 59, 37, 13, is a celebrated novelist.
My 53, 7, 23, 31, 57, is a poet.
My 52, 50, 6, 4, 7, 63, was a famous conqueror.
My 37, 2, 4, 30, 36, 60, was a reformer.
My 12, 13, 53, 19, 23, 7, 37, 54, 43, 29, 22, 37, 9, was a celebrated Florentine painter.
My 1, 7, 37, 57, 61, 43, was a great naval commander.
My 35, 28, 3, 14, 32, was a poet of Scotland.
My 47, 48, 40, 52, 10, 37, 7, 33, was a hero of antiquity.
My 63, 50, 37, 34, 14, was an old Greek lawgiver.
My 52, 13, 52, 46, 60, 50, was an ancient orator.
My 33, 30, 7, 24, 23, 37, 13, 57, 53, 23, 14, is one of Scott's novels.
My 58, 59, 37, 22, 1, 23, is a character in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."
My 24, 26, 7, 27, 15, 9, 49, 54, is a character in Disraeli's "Lothair."

My whole is a fine sentence from Disraeli's "Coningsby." RUDOLPH.

Riddle.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Behead me and I am an injury.
Again curtail and I belong to every one.
My 3, 3, 4, signifies to prevent or defeat.
My 4, 3, 5, is an animal.
My 1, 3, 4, is a vehicle.
My 2, 3, 5, is cured meat.
My whole is a spell.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

Find three numbers, such that the sum of the first and second plus 4 times the square root of their product will be 181; the sum of the first and third plus 6 times the square root of their product will be 284; and the sum of the second and third plus 8 times the square root of their product will be 421.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

There is a parallelogram tract of land, whose area is 4680 perches, its longer sides facing North and South. In the northern line stands an oak, and from this oak, across the tract, to the southeastern corner, I measured and found the distance to be 58 perches. I then went back to the oak again and measured down across the tract to the southwestern corner and found this distance 85 perches. It is said that by these two measurements being taken, both length and breadth of said parallelogram can be found.

HILDEBERT KOBEL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the highest pitch of the voice? Ans.—The place where it sticks.

☞ Con. by a Son of a Gun!—Why are the new breech-loaders supplied with needles? Ans.—To keep their breeches in repair, of course.

☞ When is a gate not a gate? Ans.—when it's "to."

☞ What is the difference between a chattering lover and a pedestrian excursion? Ans.—One is a talking wooer, the other a walking tour.

☞ Why are giants like the god of marriage? Ans.—Because they are high men (Hymen.)

☞ Why is a foraging party like a warm bath? Ans.—Because the first makes a clean sweep, and the second a sweep clean.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"To the persevering mortal the blessed Immortals are swift." METAGRAM.—Pine, Mine, Pone, Pike, Pink.

RECEIPTS.

SANDWICH CUCUMBERS.—Fry veal-cutlets brown in butter or nice drippings; pare the cucumbers, cut them lengthwise in slices a quarter of an inch thick, season with salt and pepper, and fry a deep brown, then lay the fried cucumbers between the cutlets, place in a covered dish, and set in the oven for five or ten minutes.

SNOW-FLOAT.—One-third of a package of gelatine, two lemons, half a pint of white sugar, the whites of five eggs. Put the gelatine, rind and juice of the lemons and sugar in a bowl, pour over them a gill of cold water, and in an hour add three gills of boiling water, and stir till dissolved. Strain and add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and stir until it begins to thicken, then set it on ice or in a cool place. Then take the yolks, and with five tablespoonfuls sugar and three pints of milk make a boiled custard; place the float on it just before serving. It is nicer when made the day before it is used.

SOMETHING NICE.—Take the seeds out of green tomatoes and cut the tomatoes in fine strips with scissors, until you have six pounds of them. Add four or five good-sized bell peppers, green, after taking out the seeds and cutting fine. Add, also, two and a half pounds of white sugar and one quart of cider vinegar, a half ounce of cloves, and a small quantity of mace. Cook all about an hour, and you will have nice spiced tomatoes.—*Ladies' Companion.*

CORN OYSTERS.—Grate twelve ears of new corn off the cob, and add two eggs, a teacupful of milk, a little salt, some pepper, and a teacupful of flour. Fry as you would oysters.

CURE FOR WARTS.—An exchange says, persons afflicted with these disfigurements on their hands will find the following a perfect cure:—"Take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart, and tie it on; or, if the excrescence is on the forehead, fasten it on with strips of sticking plaster. It may be removed in the day and put on every night. In one fortnight the wart will die and peel off. The same prescription will cure corns."

☞ There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a young lady. "A gentleman," says she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage." "Mind and manners" might have been added with emphasis.